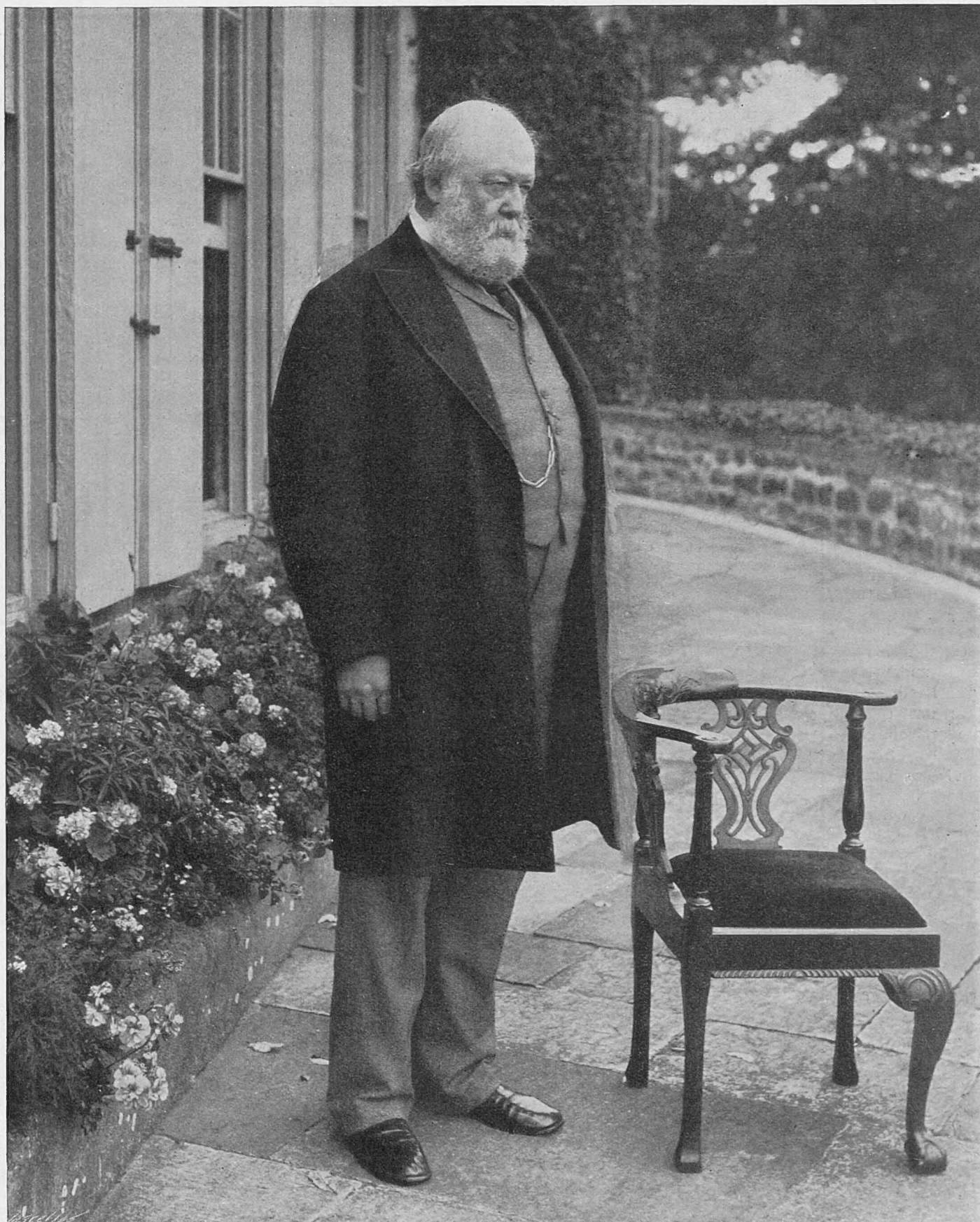




No. 552.—VOL. XLIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



THE LATE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH

Taken on the Terrace at Hatfield by Lambert Weston and Son, Dover. (See also Pages 182 and 183.)

LORD SALISBURY: A MEMOIR.

THE death of Lord Salisbury on Saturday evening removed a patriotic Englishman and a great statesman, and from all parts of the world have come testimonials of the respect his brilliant qualities and sterling character inspired. Lord Salisbury had an attack of acute nephritis last Whitsuntide, accompanied by alarming symptoms of heart-weakness, and though at times there seemed some little hope, the seizure in the end proved fatal. On Aug. 12 his heart began to fail, and, after a temporary rally, he passed peacefully away, surrounded by the members of his family.

While he was filling the chief position in the Government, it was universally felt that, though other statesmen might for the moment fill the public eye and arrest the public attention, and apparently dominate the situation, Lord Salisbury was the great cohering force in the Cabinet, the man who looked before he leaped and never forgot that when he moved, with him moved the Empire. "We are trustees for the British Empire" was, as has been truly pointed out, a phrase in which he sounded the key-note of his policy—a policy which might well have been formulated in those terms by his ancestor who in Elizabeth's reign laid the foundations of that Imperialism which Lord Salisbury himself did not a little to bring to its present fruition.

Few members of the aristocracy have made so great an appeal to "the Man in the Street," who seems to be the twentieth century's *arbiter morum*. The reason was not far to seek. There was, first, the popular picture of the young Lord Robert Cecil, with top-boots into which his trousers were stuck, and the sleeves of his picturesque red flannel shirt rolled above his elbows, earning his living in a mining-camp at Bendigo. Then there was the still more romantic spectacle of his marriage to the woman he loved, and, finally, there was the most astonishing circumstance that he intended to make a living by means of his pen at a time when the popular conception of a Lord was a being whose brains were conspicuous by their absence. With his pen Lord Salisbury earned a reputation which no one has forgotten even to-day, and trained himself for the expression of that biting humour and sarcasm which were so conspicuous in his public speeches all through his career. Saying sharp things himself, it was scarcely to be wondered

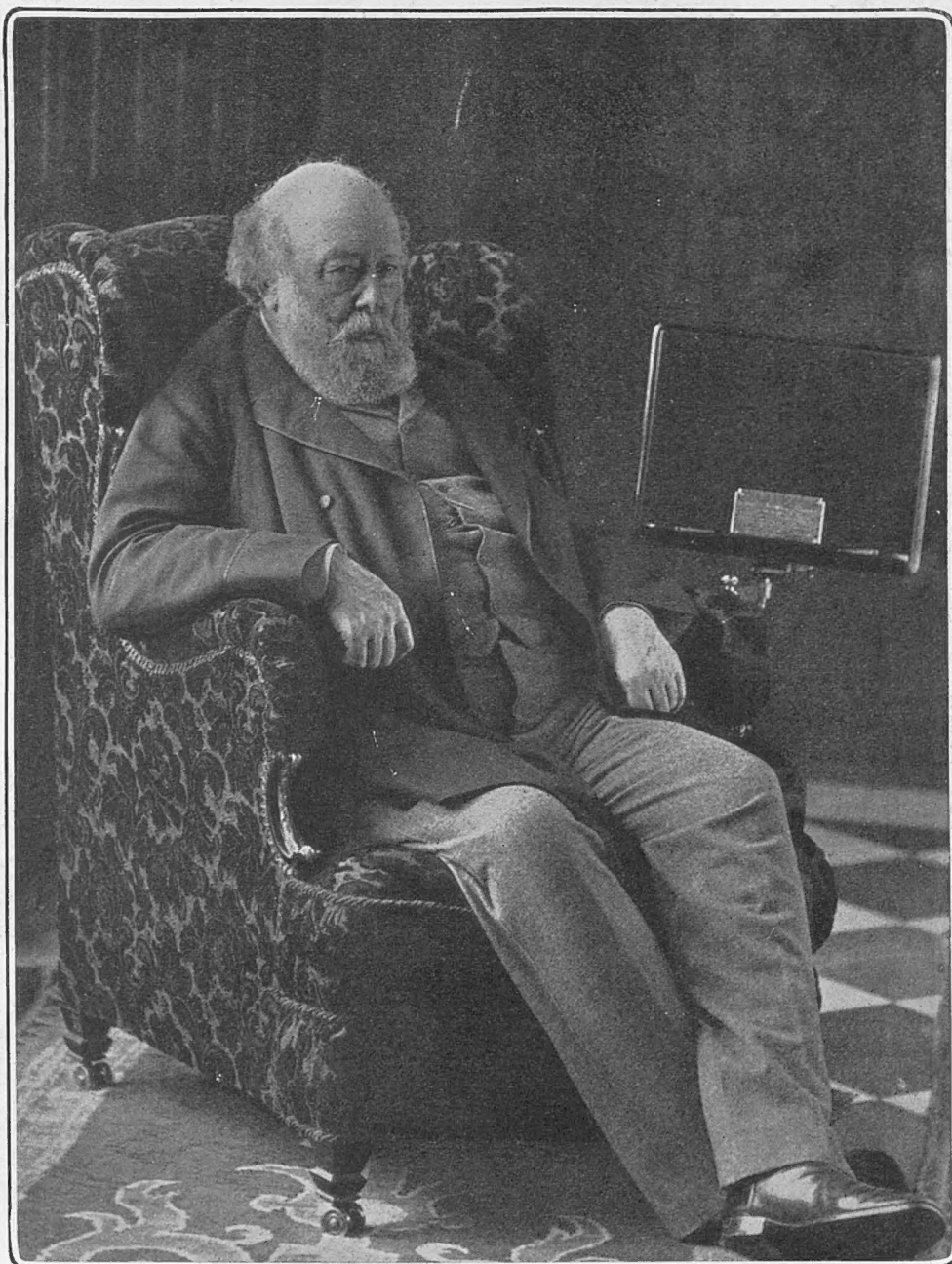
at that his enemies and political opponents should endeavour to do likewise; but they often overleaped themselves and were betrayed into an exaggeration which was absolutely fatal so far as the result was concerned—witness the famous simile that he was "a lath painted to look like iron," and John Bright's attempt to define him as a man of a good deal of "haughty unwisdom." Haughty he probably was at that time, for he had always been aristocrat to the tips of his fingers; but, for the "unwisdom," did not Mr. John Morley say, as one of the papers most opposed politically to Lord Salisbury had the graciousness to recall one day last week, "Lord Salisbury has to a considerable extent purged himself from that unfortunate quality, and appears to be pursuing a prudent and circumspect policy"? Such a criticism from a political opponent of Mr. Morley's mental calibre is not to be lightly regarded, while the justness of the epithets future generations will undoubtedly ratify when they come to see the result of Lord Salisbury's labours in that true perspective which those who are called upon to pass judgment upon him now are, by the nature of things, prevented from having. His labours in Parliament, it is interesting at this time to recall, were just short of half-a-century, for last Saturday

was the fiftieth anniversary of his return to the House of Commons as Member for Stamford.

DEATH OF MR. CLIFFORD MILLAGE.

The *Daily Chronicle* announced on Thursday morning last the death of its Paris Correspondent, Mr. Clifford Millage, who had acted in that capacity for our contemporary for over a quarter of a century.

Mr. Millage was one of a group of distinguished Correspondents in Paris, and his close touch with the Vatican enabled him on more than one occasion to render his paper exceptional service. Mr. Millage was originally trained as a priest, but he gave up that career, and subsequently became an actor and theatre-manager, introducing to the English public much French music. Finally he found his vocation in journalism, becoming the Paris Correspondent of the *Chronicle* in 1877. Mr. Millage showed exceptional kindness to the late H. J. Pugh, Paris Correspondent of the *Referee* and *The Sketch*, during his last illness.

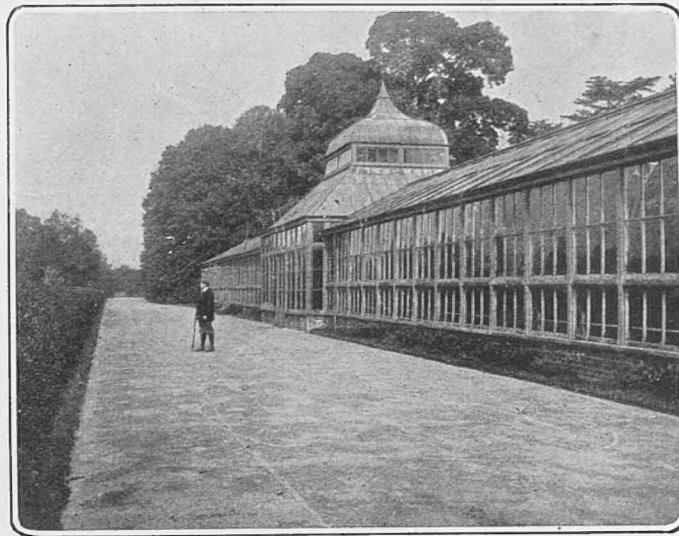


THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD SALISBURY.
Taken in his Study at Hatfield by Elsdon, Hertford.

IN AND ABOUT HATFIELD HOUSE, LORD SALISBURY'S HISTORIC HOME.



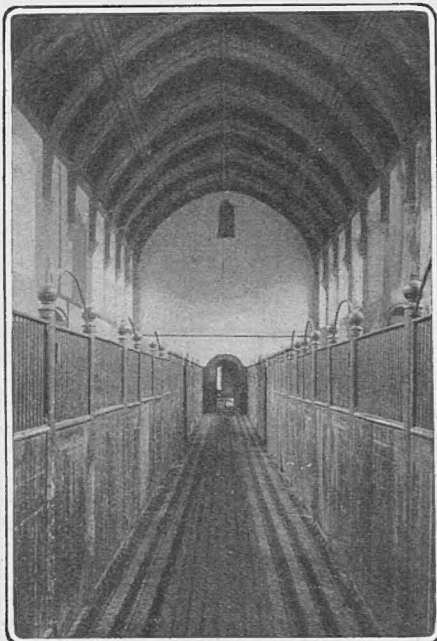
THE MANSION FROM THE PARK.



THE CONSERVATORIES.



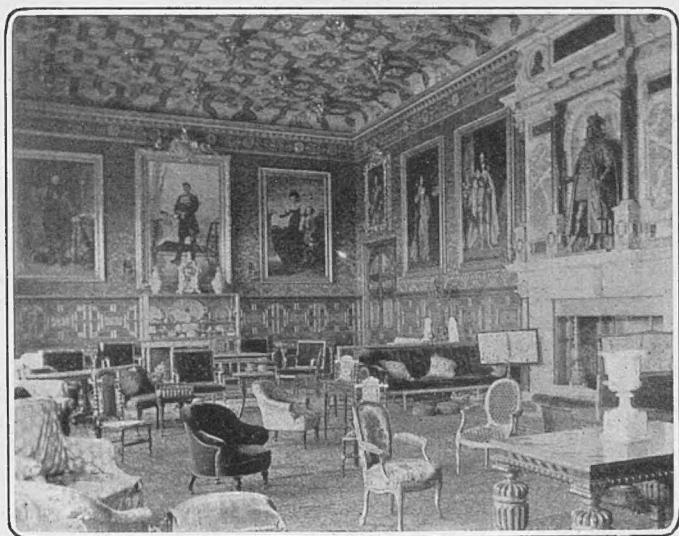
THE TUDOR CRADLE.



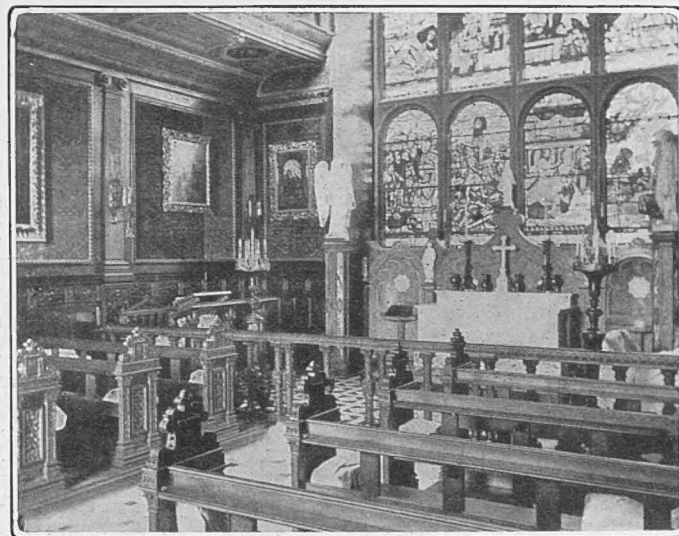
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THE DRAWING-ROOM.



THE PRESENT CHAPEL.

Photographs by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.



THE letter came from Lanarkshire, and my friend's invitation was couched in such enthusiastic terms that I at once wired off to accept it. "You must come up here," he wrote; "the air is delicious and the heather in full bloom. I spend my mornings potting at the grouse, and in the evenings—such evenings, my boy!—I go out on the lake and revel in the glorious stillness and coolness and peacefulness of it all. Generally," he added, "I take a gun with me in the boat, in case I get a chance of killing anything. Altogether, I am having the most ripping time. Do come and join me. The air here would do you a world of good." And there was more in the same strain. Well, my letter of acceptance posted, I set to work and made preparations for my departure. I hustled here and struggled there; I ranted, raved, tore my hair, made twenty enemies a day, and even woke up in the night to make notes of things that must be done before I left town. At last, to the intense relief of everybody in my neighbourhood, my preparations were complete. All that lay between me and the moors was the purchase of a railway-ticket. It seemed almost too good to be true. So, indeed, it was. "Dear old man," wrote my friend, "I am leaving here to-day. Rain has been falling for five days without ceasing. Hoping that this will not upset your plans. . . ."

Here, therefore, I am. But do not, I beg of you, imagine that my carefully cultivated philosophy failed to withstand the shock of the disappointment. I recognised, of course, that a blow had fallen, but at once I proceeded to counteract the pain by getting hold of the newest and most interesting book I could find. This turned out to be "Man and Superman. A Comedy and A Philosophy. By Bernard Shaw." At least, that was the newest book obtainable at the moment; I have still to prove that it was the most interesting. At the time of writing I have read twenty-six pages of the epistolary dedication to Mr. A. B. Walkley. The letter, altogether, runs to thirty-seven pages, so that by the end of next month I fully expect to know something about the first Act of the play itself. As to Mr. Walkley's connection with the work, it seems that he once asked Mr. Shaw why he did not write a Don Juan play. Whereupon Mr. Shaw, as might have been expected, jumped to the conclusion that he had been asked to write a Don Juan play, and, to the best of his ability, wrote one. But let the excuse pass. If the play is as interesting as the first twenty-six pages of the open letter to the *Times* man, Mr. Shaw will have amply atoned for his presumption.

"What would you do if you had a million pounds?" That is a question often asked of each other by children. The answer, of course, varies with sex and age; but, speaking generally, a girl decides that she would buy unlimited dresses and chocolates, whilst a boy declares himself in favour of a real railway engine or an uninhabited island. Pedro Alvarado, the Mexican millionaire whose death was recorded in last week's papers, seems to have remained a boy to the end. He devoted the last four years of his life to spending as much money as possible. Wherever he went, I gather, he carried about him between two and three hundred thousand dollars. Thus equipped, he could buy, at a moment's notice, anything within sight that happened to take his fancy. Partly that he might get rid of more money, and partly, I suspect, for the joke of the thing, he caused an armed guard of eight men to escort him on all occasions. He built a palace, a cathedral, and a large hospital; even then, however, he found his money increasing with alarming rapidity. In sheer despair, therefore, he offered to pay off the national debt of Mexico; but the Minister of Finance, who must have been a churlish and unsympathetic fellow, refused the offer. Alvarado had, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that he was adored by the poorer Mexicans of Parral.

Their adoration does not surprise me. I feel sure that I, too, could have loved him very dearly.

The success of the *Tit-Bits* sovereign-hiding competition will probably set the other "popular" journals a-burying bags of gold all over the country. The idea is decidedly ingenious, but I do not think it should be utilised merely for the purpose of attracting attention to a serial story. Every idle rogue in the country, you see, will presently be looking for these buried bags of money, and it is quite true that certain educational advantages will result from the fact that the rascals must read the stories in order to follow up the clues. But would it not be better still if the secret could be gradually unfolded in a series of useful sermons? Nothing would delight me more than to see one of those dirty vagabonds who haunt our highways eagerly studying a powerfully written tract on "The Crime of Filth; or, Why be Unnecessarily Loathsome?" True, his studies would be inspired by avarice rather than a genuine desire for self-improvement, but, for all that, I am convinced that my suggestion has its merits.

Speaking of education, there is a "turn" in the present programme of the Alhambra that should induce every schoolmaster and schoolmistress in London to book seats for their pupils at that omnigenous music-hall. I do not allude to the beautiful ballet of "Carmen," though this production forms in itself a liberal education; neither do I wish to call the attention of the scholastic mind to the achievements of Le Roy, Talma, and Bosco, "The World's Monarchs of Magic." The particular feature of the entertainment that I have in mind is the exhibition on the biograph of "The Unseen World." It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the display in writing, but the programme describes it, aptly enough, as a "Micro-Bioscope Series of Animated Pictures of Nature's Closest Secrets." The pictures, heaven knows, are animated enough; I cannot imagine anyone enjoying a piece of Stilton after witnessing the first item of the entertainment, entitled "The Cheese Mites I Discovered while Lunching." More interesting and less revolting, however, are the photographs showing every phase of bee-culture, and another film that fascinated me was the one illustrative of "The Chameleon Climbing and Feeding." But I would beg of the management to exclude the horrible pictures of the American Toad; after the first glimpse of this reptile, I found myself unable to look at the screen.

Sketch readers who are interested in psychology will like to hear, perhaps, of an incident that had for its heroine a lady of pronounced psychic tendencies. The hero of the affair was Mr. Mackenzie Rogan, the genial and non-psychical bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards. Mr. Rogan, then, was dining, a few evenings ago, at a London hotel when he was approached by a friend who desired to introduce him to a lady from Berlin. The introduction having taken place, the lady looked hard at the musician for some moments and then exclaimed, "By the way, I think we met recently in Berlin." "Berlin?" replied Mr. Rogan, hesitatingly; "it's some months since I was in Berlin." "Nonsense!" cried the lady, in the tone of one resenting chaff; "I remember you perfectly. It could not have been more than six weeks ago." "Pardon me," said the bandmaster, in his most urbane manner, "but I really think you are mistaken." "I think not," retorted the lady, rather shortly, and then the matter dropped. A few minutes later, however, the mutual friend, turning to Mr. Rogan, complimented him on the excellent pictures of himself that appeared, some few weeks ago, in *The Sketch*. The psychical lady looked up quickly, stared for a moment at Mr. Rogan, and then apologised profusely for her mistake. "Of course!" she confessed; "that was where I met you!"



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Shanklin	2 50	3 45	5 4	5 50	7 8	8 25	9 0
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Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest
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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely
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Preliminary letters are not desired.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

ALTHOUGH this is our Sovereign's first visit to Austria as King of England—indeed, never before has a reigning British monarch visited the Dual Kingdom—the King has many pleasant memories connected with the Austrian Empire. At Marienbad he is but repeating a former pleasant experience, though it may be hinted that on the

occasion of his former visit the then Prince of Wales happily escaped the odious mobbing which seems to have befallen the King of England on his first appearance at his favourite spring. One mode of escape, however, from these ill-bred and impertinent sightseers is now open to the illustrious visitor; thanks to the motor-car, His Majesty can enjoy delightfully informal excursions in the charming neighbourhood. The King's visit to Vienna will also bring back many pleasant memories. He and the Queen went there during their memorable tour in 1868. A set of apartments in the Burg was specially redecorated and arranged for their occupation, and they were entertained with the most remarkable splendour and enthusiasm by the present Emperor and his ill-fated Empress. Five years later, the then Prince of Wales was present at the opening of the great Viennese Exhibition, and since then His Majesty has stayed in Austria as the guest both of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Cumberland, and of the late Baron de Hirsch.

The Queen at Balmoral.

The presence of the Queen at Balmoral Castle was, in a sense, unexpected, and Deeside is therefore much gratified. Nowhere so well as in bonnie Scotland could Her Majesty have enjoyed a complete rest after the natural fatigue attendant on the Royal visit to Ireland. Her sojourn in the far North is naturally made much pleasanter by the proximity of the Duke and Duchess of Fife. Queen Alexandra and her elder daughter have many tastes in common. The only form of outdoor sport in which they are personally interested is fishing, and the Balmoral stretches of the Dee are famous for their salmon-pools. The fact that the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales are at Abergeldie probably also influenced Her Majesty in her choice of an August holiday. During the absence of their parents on the occasion of their Royal Highnesses' Colonial tour, the Queen took entire charge of the little Princes of Wales and their sister, and she is most tenderly attached to them.

An Irish Royal Residence?

It is persistently rumoured that one outcome of the King and Queen's tour in Ireland will be the purchase by His Majesty of one of those beautiful country houses with which Erin is studded, although, alas! in too many cases these noble mansions have been standing empty during many years past. The estate which is mentioned as being most likely to suit the purpose is Kylemore Castle, in County Galway. This is one of the largest non-royal country houses in the kingdom. There is said to be no fewer than two hundred bedrooms, and the reception-rooms are almost oppressively large and splendid. Kylemore Castle is situated amid a stretch of lovely country and is close to the sea. All that can be said with any certainty is that the King, during his recent visit to Galway, drove through the grounds of the Castle, and expressed admiration of its beautiful and healthy situation.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston is famed for her exquisite taste in dress, but even she established a record in the matter of the marvellous costume which she wore at the Durbar Ball, given by her and by the Viceroy of India in the Palace at Delhi. The Indian city has been famed for the skill of its embroiderers since the days of the Great Mogul, and Her Excellency's unique frock was composed of splendidly hand-embroidered tissue, the design consisting of peacock-feathers worked and embossed in different-coloured gold threads. A garland of cream-white roses ran round the edge of the skirt, and the bodice was draped with rare old Alençon lace.



LADY CURZON IN THE CELEBRATED PEACOCK-FEATHER GOWN WORN BY HER EXCELLENCY AT THE DELHI DURBAR LAST JANUARY.

Photograph by Albert Jeakins, Simla.

Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli.

The great Lord Beaconsfield would have been delighted with the wit and grace of his niece by marriage, Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli. This charming and accomplished lady was, before her marriage to the famous statesman's nephew and heir, Miss Marian Silva, of Tescombe, Hants. Of late, Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli have let

Hughenden Manor to Lord and Lady Cheylesmore; but they, of course, retain a very vivid and affectionate interest in the place, and they are very popular in the neighbourhood.

Sir John Burgoyne, whose engagement is just announced, is one of the most popular men of his years—he was born five years before Queen Victoria's Accession—in yachting and general society. On one occasion his love of the sea helped to make history, for it was on his yacht that the Empress Eugénie took refuge after her flight from Paris; and at considerable risk and peril the gallant Englishman brought his unbidden guest safe across the Channel to England, where they both received the warmest and most respectful

of the old house, has been reconstructed, an exact copy of the former one. The walls are covered with the models of the hulls of yachts which have been owned by members of the Club; the tables and chairs are all suggestive of sea-life; and of winter's evenings, when the members sit in the room and smoke, they are surrounded by a thousand objects which remind them of the sea. It is as hospitable as are all American clubs, and gladly throws its doors open to Englishmen properly introduced. We—rather to our shame, I think—do not reciprocate. This week two Americans, both very well-known men in their own country, came to London, and I was asked by a mutual friend, an American, to put them as honorary members into one of my clubs. I belong to near a dozen clubs in London, but out of this dozen there were only two—one a Bohemian, and the other a very small one—of which I could make them free.

New Games Wanted.

If England is to be a country of rainy summers, some new games will have to be invented both for indoors and out-of-doors. At present, all our summer pastimes presuppose fine weather. In the winter, football and hare-and-hounds and such games are quite independent of the skies. One puts on a macintosh, and watches unflinchingly the teams throwing up mud round the ball, or the victor of a cross-country run coming in so splashed as to be unrecognisable; the hunting-men fear only frost, and talk of a pouring day gleefully as being "soft"; but a week's rain in summer means cricket suspended all the country over, and every holiday-maker in a shocking temper. Another summer like the present, and base-ball or hockey or rounders will become the British national summer game.

"If you won't play billiards, will you play bridge?" is what hosts and hostesses have been saying to scores of men continually throughout our drenched summer; and there is really no choice on a dismally wet afternoon except between a game of pool (in which one pays sixpence or a shilling continually to the least intellectual member of the party, who has spent hours in practising the art of putting balls into a pocket) or in sitting at a green table and wondering what eccentricity your partner, a lady, will commit in making "no trumps" on impossible hands, whether your gentle adversary can afford to pay her losings out of her pin-money, and whether, under any circumstances, she proposes to pay. We certainly are not prepared, either indoors or out, for wet summers.



MRS. CONINGSBY DISRAELI.

Photograph by Esme Collings.

of welcomes. Sir John is a valued member of the R. Y. S., and he was one of those with whom the King was seen most frequently during His Majesty's recent stay off Cowes.

The King's Latest Great-Nephew.

On the Emperor of Austria's seventy-third birthday, that is, on Aug. 18, was born the fourth child and second son of the Crown Princess of Roumania, the prettiest of our Sovereign's charming group of nieces. The Royal baby is to be called Nicholas, after his mother's first cousin, the Emperor of Russia. Few months go by without some addition being made to their Majesties' immense circle of relatives, and it is said that both the King and Queen have a wonderful power of remembering the names and birthdays of even the latest arrivals among them.

The King's Doncaster Hostess.

Lady Savile, who will bring together a brilliant house-party in honour of the King's approaching visit to Rufford Abbey during Doncaster Week, is one of His Majesty's favourite hostesses. She and Lord Savile often entertained the Sovereign as Prince of Wales, and Rufford Abbey contains one of the best portraits ever painted of the King—that taken in Garter robes by the late Mr. Augustus Savile-Lumley, who was, in his day, the most popular as well as the most artistic of the bachelor hosts of Royalty. Lady Savile, as Mrs. Helyar of Coker Court, gathered round her a brilliant and cosmopolitan circle, and since her second marriage she has made famous Rufford Abbey, one of the most delightful of country-house centres in the kingdom. The fine old mansion has often entertained reigning Sovereigns, and the rooms inhabited in turn by Charles I. and by the Merrie Monarch still remain as they were under the Stuarts. Lady Savile is keenly interested in her beautiful gardens, which contain several "Royal" trees, mementoes of great personages who have sojourned at Rufford Abbey.

The Epicure's Darling.

Last Thursday (the 20th) was the opening day of black-game shooting, and this was a joyful date both for the epicure and for the wary sportsman who enjoys shooting over dogs and who despises the modern battue. Whatever may be the case with the grouse, this year is said to be exceptionally good as regards black-game, and those fortunate sportsmen who call the Duke of Buccleuch friend may look forward to enjoying a glorious time on the Drumlanrig moors, which are famed among all lovers of black-game as having the finest birds in Scotland.

The New York Yacht Club.

The New York Yacht Club, as will be seen from the excellent illustrations that appear on pages 196 and 197 of this issue, has one of the most charming Clubhouses in the world. I believe (writes a correspondent) that it has moved its quarters since I had the honour of temporary membership; but in its new house the model-room, the typical room



LADY SAVILE, THE KING'S DONCASTER HOSTESS.

Photograph by H. W. Barnett.

*Mr. and Mrs.
Chauncey Depew.*

Few Americans are as well known, not only to the European world of Society, but to that greater world which is known as "the public," as Mr. Chauncey Depew, who has, for the past four years, been the representative of the State of New York in the United States Senate. The house in which he lives in Washington is, by its association, as interesting as himself, and that is saying a great deal. It was originally built by Daniel Webster, who lived near it all the time he was, like Mr. Depew, in the Senate. Another part was added to the original house by Mr. Cochran, who owned it after Webster, and who is so well known in art circles as the founder of the Cochran Art Gallery. After Mr. Cochran's death, Senator Calvin S. Brice lived in it and built the ball-room, while Mr. Depew has added a conservatory opening from the ball-room, and a large garden, which is one of the most attractive features of the residence.

Mrs. Depew, who is the Senator's second wife, is really a very young woman, though from the fact that her husband is an old man—he will be seventy next April—there seems to be a general opinion that she is at least middle-aged. Music is her passion, and she not only plays the piano, but composes for the instrument as well. To her artistic taste the Depew house beautiful is a tribute, for she selected all the furniture and decorations. She is a charming hostess, and all the best people of America are to be met at her receptions.

The Paris Observatory has just finished the preliminary part of its long-promised photographic map of the heavens, which has been so long in preparation. The work is a gigantic one, to which every observatory in the world has contributed. The photographic catalogue of the heavens alone comprises three million stars, all of which are, or will be, measured, so that the proper proportions of the final map may be preserved.

There will be twenty million stars upon the map when it is completed—that is to say, ten times as many as upon the best map made so far, and every star up to the fourteenth magnitude will figure on it. An idea of the size of the work may be gathered from the fact that, when completed, there will be no fewer than twenty-two thousand separate plates.

In the middle-Victorian era "Servantgism" was the cause of numberless funny drawings by the late John Leech, but the subject has now become too serious for joking. Only a day or two ago a servant who

was taking lessons in cookery was so ashamed of her occupation that she tried to conceal the fact that she was in service; but now that the Board of Trade has issued a Blue Book on the subject of domestic servants, this feeling should no longer exist. It is proposed that housewifery should be made a separate subject of instruction, like any other trade or calling, and that lessons should be given in the art of making toast and sandwiches, brewing tea and coffee, and in laying the table properly. This will be good news for mistresses, who have often too much reason to complain that their servants do not know their work thoroughly; and if, at the same time, lessons are given in the duties of the housemaid, they will be far more useful than the piano-playing and freehand-drawing on which so much of the money of the unfortunate ratepayers is at present wasted.



THE MUSIC-ROOM IN THE RESIDENCE OF MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

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MRS. CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

Copyrighted 1903 by Curtis Bell.

*"Sidelights on
Convict Life."* Mr. George Griffith probably knows more about prisons and prison-life than any man living, for, unlike those who are more or less unwilling prisoners detained for their own and society's good, he has been able to come and go as he chose, and in his "Sidelights on Convict Life" (John Long) he gives a graphic account of the happenings within prison-walls in this country and the French penal settlement in New Caledonia. On the whole, the book is a scathing indictment of our humanitarian system, for, as Mr. Griffith remarks, the punishment falls only on some three per cent. of the criminal population, and these are of the class who least deserve it. For the habitual criminal it is no punishment at all, nor is it in any sense a deterrent from crime. As one of this kind remarked, "You're kept warm and comfortable, you're fed reg'lar, you 'aven't too much to do, and if you behaves yerself, everyone's kind to you. In fact, if they'd let you have a couple of pints a day and a bit of 'baccy, blowed if I'd ever come out till they chucked me." Mr. Griffith has seen and conversed with prisoners of all types, and he is absolutely convinced that the habitual criminal is a moral leper, and that sooner or later society will recognise this and realise that the only possible means of protection is absolute and perpetual isolation. He has made out a strong

case against the present system, and vividly contrasts the treatment of prisoners in health and sickness with that meted out by society to the honest man whose only crime is his poverty. The book contains numerous illustrations, chiefly from photographs, and may be commended to all who wish to learn anything about prisons and their inmates.

Summer in Italy. Well known to British artists, but unvisited by the general public, situated eighty miles from Rome (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent), amid the purple, rugged hills of Umbria, dotted all over by grey-green olive-trees and skirted by the Tiber and the Nar, stands, overlooking a mountain gorge of wondrous beauty, a village named after the Nar. Like most townlets and hamlets hereabouts, its termination is "ni," the whole name being Narni. Here to live is real enjoyment. Fresh, pure, cool breezes are wafted across the mountains, forcing the stifling heat from the valleys beneath; the grasshoppers make music in the trees, and the kine and sheep awaken the slumberers in the fields with the melodies of their bronzen bells; the hedges are thick with the ripest of juicy blackberries, large luscious melons are for sale (a penny each) in all the village shops, and cocks and hens make piteous appeal to the wayfarers as they are slung on the farmer's shoulders, head downwards, on the way first to market and thence to a speedy death. In and about Narni you have the fresh air of Switzerland, the scenery of the Tyrol, the village streets of Clovelly, and the most perfect specimens of the beautiful Italian peasant.

Fortunately, hitherto there have come in this direction comparatively few excursionists and tourists; I say fortunately, for does there not

of material of market value, ranging from straw baskets to the "newest style" of men's and boy's summer suitings. In one corner you may see a man selling slices from a whole roast pig which is hanging from a horizontal blackened bar run through it from end to end; in another stands a man selling donkeys, some for pack and some for draught purposes; in another a boy hangs, head downwards, cocks, hens, pigeons, and ducks, all squawking for pity and begging for an added lease of life.

Apartments comprising seven rooms cost on an average thirty shillings per month, decently furnished, and offering, some of them, views rivalling those at St. Moritz. Here there are no golf, no tennis, no society, no concerts, and no single trace of fashion. But in their place you have a natural, healthy, bracing life. You have, if you wish to enjoy what you are offered, to rise at half-past four in the morning, drink in the mountain air till eleven; lunch or dine at twelve, take the quite necessary "siesta" from two till four, then tea or milk and bread-and-butter; go out at five, and after supper at eight go early to bed. Thus do the inhabitants, and, if they are sensible, the few stray visitors. Those who live in this way return after their holidays strong, vigorous, and bubbling over with health. They are probably sunburnt, but that wears off soon enough in a town.



MISS OLIVE ELLIOTT IN "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S."

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

always necessarily follow in their train an odious series of mendicants and importunate vendors of worthless trinkets and mementoes? Only a few artists and Roman residents swell the number of the inhabitants. Nothing is, as yet, spoiled. Narni remains ever the same clean, joyous, natural village. Life is enjoyable and living is not expensive. For one franc a day, anyone of fairly frugal tastes can enjoy the fat of the land, and also have excellent house accommodation. Picnics and excursions are many and varied. At the bottom of the gorge, alongside the rapid river, runs the train connecting Rome and Terni. At anyone's beck and call are donkeys and donkey-carriages (which can be hired for a shilling a-day) or, for the more luxurious, landaus and wagonettes.

Within a distance of a dozen miles lies Terni, with its famous waterfalls, which rush in double foaming cascades down to the gorge beneath, making fairylike rainbows as the spray rises in the sunlight and giving refreshing moisture to the luxuriant maidenhair along the cliff. But before driving to the falls make careful bargain with your Terni cabby. Like Jehus all over the world, the Terni Jehu has his foibles; he likes to go to the falls the longest way and charge the longest price. Narni, unlike most old-world villages, is lighted throughout with good electric light; for this thanks must be duly paid to the useful water-power near. Narni also has its daily market. On Sunday especially this market is a dream. In the centre plashes the fountain; around and about stand beautiful maidens, decked out in Sunday kerchiefs and ribbons. On the ground lies fruit laid out for sale, and at the sides and in the corners are stalls full of every species



MISS FLORENCE MANTON, OF THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

A Queen at Boulogne.

The Queen of Naples is now spending the summer at Boulogne, as she has done for many years past, for she prefers that popular watering-place to any other. Her Majesty, who has been a "Reine en exil" for over forty years, felt very deeply the tragic deaths of her two sisters, the Empress of Austria and the Duchesse d'Alençon, and now lives in the strictest retirement. She is much honoured and beloved by the inhabitants of Boulogne, who salute her respectfully as she occasionally passes through the streets. The Queen married the late King of Naples in 1859, and two years later she and her husband were driven out of their kingdom, which was then incorporated in the Italian Monarchy. In a short time the Queen will go to Bavaria, her native country, and towards the end of the autumn will return to France and take up her abode at Neuilly, in her villa on the Boulevard Maillot.

The Pope and the Watchmakers.

The craze for portraits of celebrities at the back of watches is very prevalent abroad, and the occasion of the election of a new Pope was one not to be missed by the watchmakers of Switzerland. As soon as the Conclave met, the portraits of the Cardinals who were at all in the running were obtained, and when the telegrams were received announcing that Cardinal Sarto was chosen, the work was at once begun. In a few days thousands of watches bearing the portrait of Pius X. were distributed all over Italy, and can now be obtained at all prices. The manufacture of watches in Switzerland is an enormous trade, and the Swiss never lose a chance of pushing their wares.

*The King's
Brother-in-Law.*

The Duke of Cumberland—with whom, it is said, His Majesty intends to spend a few days at Gmünden before leaving Austria—is not only the husband of Queen Alexandra's much-loved youngest sister, but he is closely connected with our Sovereign by ties of blood. Had it not



"BEATING THE BOUNDS" AT GREAT BERKHAMSTED:

MRS. SMITH-DORRIEN (MOTHER OF THE FAMOUS GENERAL) WALKING THE LINE.

been for Bismarck's high-handed and aggressive action, this Prince of our Blood Royal would now be King of Hanover. The Duke of Cumberland is by far the most remarkable of modern Kings in exile. Every material inducement has been held out to him in order to persuade him to become one of Germany's vassal Sovereigns. This, however, he has steadfastly refused to do, giving up not only the pomp and circumstance of kingship, but also a very large sum which is held as hostage by the Prussian Government. In this course of conduct the Duke is warmly upheld by his esteemed mother, the Queen of Hanover, and by his beautiful wife, who, like our own Queen, retains a look of perpetual youth. Gmünden, where the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland spend most of the year, is a very splendid place, and there the King, as Prince of Wales, paid more than one visit. The Duke has also a stately town house in Vienna, and when there he and his family are treated with sovereign consideration and affection by the venerable Emperor of Austria.

*King Leopold at
Ostend.*

Ostend is to the King of the Belgians what Osborne was to our late Sovereign; but it need hardly be said that, from every point of view, the brilliant Belgian watering-place is even now—though the gambling-tables have been abolished—utterly lacking in the old-world charm of the Isle of Wight. The Royal Palace is little more than an overgrown villa; but still, to King Leopold and his unmarried daughter, Princess

Clémentine, the unpretentious pile, with its bright-red walls, green shutters, and shiny roof, signifies home in a sense that their official residence at Brussels has never done yet. The King, physically the finest of European monarchs, notwithstanding his advancing age, is very vigorous and energetic. Few days go by without his taking at least one walk along the splendid Ostende Digue, the finest sea-walk in the world. The thousands of strangers who are ever pacing up and down the Digue are quite unaware that a King is walking in their midst. As for the worthy townspeople, the sight is too familiar a one to cause any great excitement or interest. According to local gossip, His Majesty, who is an excellent man of business, is financially interested in the prosperity of the town, and it is said that he will do his best to secure the re-establishment of the gambling-tables; for, the world being what it is, Ostend has suffered not a little from being deprived of what used to be to most of the visitors its chief attraction.

*"Beating the
Bounds."*

This ancient ceremony is supposed to have originated with the Romans, and is a survival of the time when such things as maps and charts were unknown and the landmarks were trees, rocks, and posts. "Beating the bounds" has recently been revived at Great Berkhamsted, after being in abeyance for over fifty years. The Parish Officers and Rural District Councillors, accompanied by a number of townsmen



"BEATING THE BOUNDS": THE PARISH CLERK RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

and twenty of the Bourne School boys, all armed with willow wands, perambulated the boundaries, touching each hedge, stone, post, or building with the wands; and on arriving at any open space where the boundary was undefined the processionists formed two lines, and, if any stranger was viewed, he or she was promptly brought up and compelled to run the line, being tapped smartly with the wands as they passed. This was one of the sporting events of the day, for, on seeing the preparations for their "entertainment," many of the victims bolted and were promptly chased over hedge and ditch. At other points individuals were "bumped," either on a tree-stump or on the ground; walls were scaled, water forded, hedges forced, and, in some cases, houses passed through, notably at Ashridge, where the line cut through the mansion of Lord Brownlow, the noble owner of which may thus sleep with his head in one parish and his feet in another. At Haresfoot Park, the home of Mrs. Smith-Dorrien (mother of the famous General), the pleasure-grounds were thus divided, and the venerable châtelaine obligingly came out and walked the line. She recalled the fact that, when the bounds were last beaten, her gallant son was a boy at home and ran the line. The Parish Clerk was also compelled to run the gauntlet, also the parson and the squire, who were bumped six times each, to the great delight of the onlookers. The distance covered was about twenty-two miles.



"BEATING THE BOUNDS": BUMPING THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

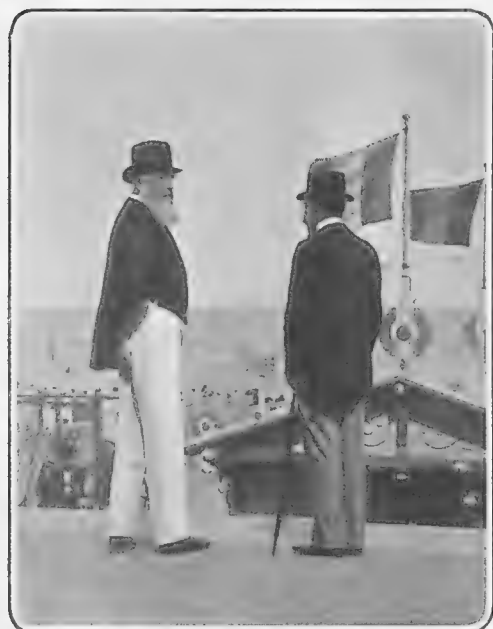
The H. C. Bunner gold medal, established in 1896 at Columbia University, was awarded this year for the third time. The subject was "the literary influence which affected Hawthorne and Poe." The Bunner medal is believed to be the only prize given by any American University for special investigation in American literature.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS.

In spite of the unfavourable weather, there was a tremendous and enthusiastic gathering at Suresnes on Sunday to witness the competition for the world's championship of swimming. The victory was won in fine style, over a five hundred and fifty yards' course, by Jarvis, the English swimmer, who did the distance in 8 min. 33½ sec., followed by Curwen, another Englishman, in 9 min. 14 sec., the first of the Frenchmen, Clevenot, being twenty full seconds behind Curwen. There were ten competitors, of all nationalities, and Jarvis may now fairly style himself the Champion of the World in swimming. The water-polo match which followed was extremely entertaining, and was won after a hard struggle by the French team, captained by Méneveux, a jovial giant some six feet three in height. It is a curious thing that, although swimming and aquatic sports are popular among athletic Frenchmen, the general public here has practically abandoned them. It is quite pitiable, along the lovely reaches of the



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS AT OSTEND.

SEE PAGE 191.

Photograph by Le Bon.

Seine, to see complete flotillas of abandoned boats, which rarely get an outing. The automobile and the bicycle have, as it were, suppressed the Seine; and yet it is delightfully convenient of access.

The Place Malesherbes is to be re-baptised, and will, before long, bear the name of "La Place des Trois Dumas." The statue of Dumas the elder, the immortal author of "The Three Musketeers," which is the only one of the great trio to decorate the Place at present, is shortly to be faced by a fine monument to Alexandre Dumas *fils* , which the sculptor Saint-Marceaux is finishing, and which will very likely figure in the autumn Salon. The author sits upon an armchair placed upon a pedestal, round which are grouped the heroines of his chief works, from Marguerite Gauthier, the "Dame aux Camélias," to Denise. As for the third Dumas—who is, perhaps, less known to English readers than the two Alexandres—he is the first, chronologically, of the three, being the grandfather of Dumas *fils* . General Count Matthieu Dumas was Aide-de-Camp to Rochambeau in the War of Independence, and took part in the capture of Yorktown. He organised the National Guards after Napoleon's return from Elba, and made a great name among military experts by the authorship of nineteen volumes of "Précis des Evénements Militaires" covering the period from 1798 to the Peace of Tilsit. He also translated Napier's "History of the Peninsular War." The statue of him which is to decorate the Place des Trois Dumas, with those of his illustrious son and grandson, is by Moncel, the well-known sculptor, and shows the General leading his troops to the charge at the Pont de Bixen.

The discovery of treasure reported from Audierne this week is of great interest to archæologists and coin-collectors. In an old house belonging to a Doctor Pitou, formerly a doctor in the French navy, workmen have come upon a leather bag containing a hundredweight of silver coins of the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., and all of them in wonderfully good preservation. Among other things there are écus of six francs, écus of three francs, and some three hundred and fifty pieces of thirty sols. They date from the time of the abandonment of the hammer in coin manufacture, and are particularly curious from the fact that they represent *Le Roi Soleil* in all the phases of his reign—as child, king, young man of twenty, and man of middle age. In 1709, owing to the famine which was raging, the nobles were commanded to send their silver to the mint. The King set the example, but a number of provincial lords buried their fortunes, and it is doubtless one of these hoards which, a hundred and ninety-six years after burial, has now been found at Audierne. According to French law, the treasure-trove has been divided in two equal shares between the owner of the house and the workmen who found it.

BERLIN.

The German Empress may be justly proud of the impression which she has created in the minds of the inhabitants of Ziegenhals, in Silesia, where Her Majesty has recently been staying. Those who have seen Her Majesty are aware that she is clothed with distinguished simplicity. So powerfully did this absence of ornament appeal to a mechanic of the village that, after having observed her, he went home with the significant remark: "I am now going home to tear the many flowers from the hats of my daughters." It would tax the dexterity of the cleverest courtier to pay a greater compliment to Her Majesty's appearance than is contained in the words of the honest mechanic.

Grumbling is much rife in the German Army at the slowness of advancement in the officers' corps. As officers are now compelled to retire at a comparatively early age with greater frequency than formerly, it may be readily imagined that their career is not regarded with as much favour as used to be the case. That this is so is shown by the number of letters of complaint written to the newspaper press. It is pointed out in these protests that an increasing difficulty is being experienced in finding cadets for the Army. Once it was regarded as an honour to serve on a small salary in the Army. To-day military extravagance has developed to such an extent that large numbers of ex-officers are refusing to allow their sons to embrace the career. They affirm that the prospects are too gloomy and the sacrifices too great. It goes without saying that the expenses of a military life are not lessened by the frequent changes of uniform ordained by the Emperor.

The mushroom season is demanding its customary number of victims. At Mülheim, on the Rhine, last week six people met their death through the enjoyment of toadstools which had been served up as mushrooms. At Elberfeld, a gentleman arrived home one evening to find his wife dying and his two sons dead. His daughter of twenty-two summers, who omitted to partake of the supposed mushrooms, is the only member of his family who was preserved. In another household, a woman is struggling for life after her husband and two sons have succumbed to mushroom-eating. Doctors throughout Germany are now issuing warnings, more especially in the big cities, against mushroom-eating. They point out that even genuine mushrooms, if not quite fresh, may prove as deadly as toadstools.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND AND DAUGHTER.

SEE PAGE 191.

Photograph by Adèle, Vienna.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: THREE PRETTY SCENES.



SHAMROCKS I. AND III. ON HOME WATERS.

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.



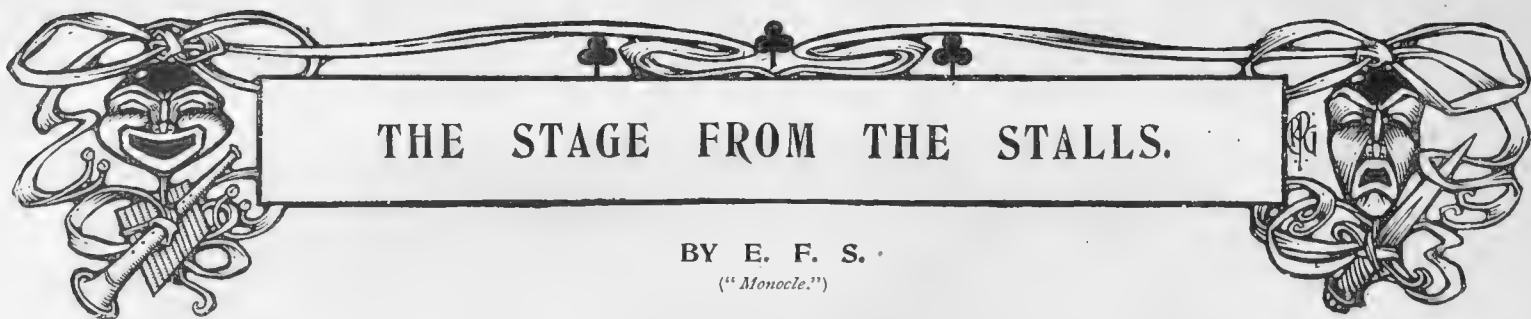
SUNSET IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.



THE THAMES BY NIGHT.

Photograph by Russell Hiron.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

THE CASINO THEATRE.

AFTER paying three francs, I took my stall with an agreeable feeling of curiosity whether, as a paying guest, I should see the play from a standpoint differing from that of the critic. I have had this feeling before, and been disappointed; and, indeed, the question of payment or "pass," of professional visit or presence as amateur, has nothing to do with the matter. One is critical or not by disposition, and critic by art. Three francs does not sound very much, but it got me a front-row stall. Perhaps the fact that I alone of the whole audience wore what we call evening dress—for the reason, it may be, that our *bourgeois* neighbours rarely wear it save in the afternoon—had something to do with the dignity of my position. I was lucky, for the little theatre had no rake, and most of the ladies had headgear—hats, or bonnets, or casquets, or caps, or toques, or tam-o'-shanters, or soft white felt things, round in cut, which, when pinned up at the back and tied with ribbons, have a mid-Victorian air quite agreeable when a pretty face is underneath it. Unfortunately, pretty faces are rare at Blank-sur-Mer. The playhouse (the ball-room in disguise) is ridiculously small. I think I could shake hands with the players without rising from my seat. I should like to try so far as the *ingénue* is concerned, for she is rather pretty; but she cannot act for little apples, yet otherwise she seems a true daughter of Eve. We dispense with an orchestra; to do so is stylish as well as economical. Indeed, I have just left the big drum of the Casino orchestra playing billiards on a table hardly bigger than my *table d'hôte* dinner-napkin, with balls about as large as his own professional instrument of torture; the first violin is flirting with the *demoiselle du comptoir*, who has fine black eyes and a reputed dowry of eighty thousand francs; the second (and other) violin is poisoning himself with alleged Benedictine—the bottle is all right—and explaining something that he does not understand to a lady whose figure would secure her a leading place in a Morocco harem. I fancy that the *chef d'orchestre* is the all-important prompter, of whom I hear, and even see, more than of any of the performers.

The piece is the orthodox farce concerning the faithless husband, foolish wife, ferocious mother-in-law, naughty papa-in-law, wicked "my friend Charles"—in love, however, with the rather pretty *ingénue*, who cannot act any better than I—and the abandoned person whose vocation it is to lure men from their wives. In our case the success of the abandoned person must really have been due to moral qualities, for she is old and certainly never has been pretty, and I am almost by the book in stating that her width is greater than her height. Yet her width is trifling when compared with the breadth of the play. French salt—except the insipid greyish stuff on our dinner-table—may be all very well, but should be used as a condiment rather than as an independent article of food, a view that the author—and the audience too, I fear—do not share with me. The fact is the more remarkable, seeing that there are quite a dozen *jeunes filles à marier* among us, who certainly are not allowed to read the newspapers and probably have never been permitted to see more than the cover of a novel: there are some illustrated covers exhibited at our local Whiteley's that would stagger a fireman.

We all laugh at these naughty jokes. An amiable elderly lady who sits next to me—with her husband, I am glad to say, on the other side—seems to insist on my laughter. She watches me anxiously when a joke is uttered, and looks so pained if I do not laugh that I join in out of pure charity. She thinks I do not understand the jest, and I admit that there are allusions which are outside my range. With quite remarkable cleverness, she guesses what facetiae are likely to be too cryptic, and she explains them, for my benefit, to her husband, who, catching the spirit of the thing, pretends to be grateful for these explanations. As she talks rather loud, a gentleman in a hybrid costume suggesting a compromise between lawn-tennis and evening dress occasionally says, "Un peu de silence, s'il vous plaît!"—which is a rather pretty way of putting it, that suggests correctly the fact that between the Acts he will be croupier at the *petits chevaux*. The piece goes as merrily as anyone could wish. It really has a good deal of rough comicality, and, on the whole, is capitally acted. Once I laughed so loud that my dear neighbour presented me with a peppermint drop. *La menthe*, or *réglisse*, and, particularly, English peppermint are still fashionable sweetmeats in the "hig lif" of France, I take it, though I have had a distaste for peppermint ever since a youthful surfeit of "Jim Crows." We are now friends for life, or at least, till the end of the bathing season, and I expect to see a great deal of Madame—an immense amount, in fact, at the bathing hour, and when we hunt the elusive shrimp together.

The *entr'acte* comes, a twankly bell is rung to announce that the

little horses are going to run their naughty rounds until the farce begins again. No farce this little game for some of the people who lose more than they can afford in playing at fearful odds. Wiser are they who thrust open the green baize-covered door that bears the awe-inspiring words, "Entrée interdite aux mineurs," and take a hand in the game of baccarat that goes on for a third of every twenty-four hours. I did not go into the gaming-room, but sat down on the verandah and ordered a bock. A moment later a man took a chair beside me; his clothes showed that he was English. "They do these things better," he began.

"You mean the play?"

"Yes," he answered, "I am thinking of the acting—" The waiter came up, and my interlocutor told him to bring some coffee.

"And the coffee?" I asked.

"Yes, yes. I never care to taste coffee in England. I haven't for years. You get it so much better in France. Haven't you had any yet?"

I smiled sadly. "During the week," I answered, "I have paid for a gallon or so of *café*, and drunk it; but I have tasted no coffee. Coffee is too costly a commodity to be used in seaside hotels or casino-cafés; and if the natives and simple-minded visitors accept chicory, roasted lentils, ground dates, and the like instead of the Arabian bean, who should grumble? The black decoction you have there with a little floating iridescent scum comes from no travelled bean; it is the product of a home industry protected by—"

Luckily, at this moment there was a big hubbub in the baccarat-room. My man rushed in; I followed. There was a dispute going on concerning a franc which someone claimed; so many people shouted simultaneously that I could not discover who was the claimant. The banker was a superb type of *Méridional*; and, though he had been winning and losing hundreds of francs day by day with decent tranquillity, he was now in a fury. An outsider would have expected bloodshed when he was shaking his fists and shrieking, convulsed with rage. However, your *Méridional* is like water on a high mountain—he boils over at a low temperature. The trouble was soon ended, for the celluloid counter that represented a franc—why it was dyed *couleur d'évêque* I can hardly guess—had dropped over into a lady's lap, and the magnificent Marseillais was all smiles, whilst everyone apologised to everyone. I slunk out, a little embarrassed by the fact that I had no one to whom to apologise except my moody compatriot, and, instead of making an apology to him, I pointed out that the superiority of French acting in some forms of drama is a matter of temperament. The optics of the stage demand what to the Englishman would seem an extravagance of gesture and violence of inflection of voice if employed in ordinary life; but this seeming extravagance and violence are natural to the Frenchman, and also, even if in a less extent, to the English Jews, of whom quite a large number are successful on our stage, as well as in the Continental playhouses. The British player has to be trained to do what the Frenchman does naturally, and, in farce particularly, the difference in result is not unsubstantial. There is an energy in the best Palais Royal acting, an energy free from the taint of the mechanical knockabout, which is of great value. It may seem heretical to say so, but I think Chaumont's *Cyprienne*—in "Divorçons"—the best I have seen, though even Réjane and Duse have appeared in the part and treated it, in accordance with Sardou's pretensions, as comedy.

Of course, I do not deny that we have brilliant performers in farce and in the farcical comedy—generally farce under a farcically false name—and particularly we have some remarkably clever farcical "character" actors; but I have not often seen in our West-End theatres so good a performance of a farce as that offered to us by the company playing for one night in the little theatre of Blank-sur-Mer, which, even with stalls at three francs, holds less money than I have seen on our baccarat table at one time on a Sunday evening. With this point in relation to other branches of drama I have not, at present, space at my command to deal. Moreover, for a moment the rain has paused, and even the wind seems taking breath before beginning to blow again; and the appeal of the golden sands is irresistible and banishes thoughts of the theatre. Here, too, comes my friend of last evening with a huge shrimping-net. She is not without visible means of support; indeed, last night she referred scornfully to a friend as having a pair of flutes in her stockings. A flaming red *béret* crowns her pepper-and-salt hair, a bright blue blouse covers her Junoesque figure, whilst a long bottle-green skirt is tucked up, pinned up, tied up, reefed, and wedged in so that she can stand in two feet of water without any of her garments being wet. She is a really respectable woman, and it is universally admitted that the French have exquisite taste.



MISS NELL RICHARDSON, A MUSICAL COMEDY FAVOURITE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICA CUP.

BRITISH yachtsmen have been for the last fifty years keenly interested in the great race for the America Cup. The first winner, a gallant little yacht of a hundred and seventy tons, was called the *America*, and she bore off the prize, sailing in the Solent, from a group of fourteen British competitors. The *America*



THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB: EXTERIOR.

had been sent over the Atlantic, under the care of the famous Commodore Stevens, in that wonder year, 1851.

Seventeen long years went by before a British yachtsman made an attempt to win the America Cup. Sir Thomas Lipton's precursor was that noted Victorian yachtsman, Mr. James Ashbury. His notion was that the New York Yacht Club, even then a great yachting institution, should send over whatever was considered the leading American yacht to take part in the Cowes Regatta, after which Mr. Ashbury's schooner, *Cambria*, should race the Yankee boat home again for a cup of £250, finally challenging her in her own waters for the America Cup. This proposition was, however, declined. Nothing daunted, Mr. Ashbury sent the *Cambria* across the Atlantic and received the beating which followed with a good grace. Hurrying home again, he started building a new yacht, the *Livonia*, but again the British yacht was worsted.

Just twenty-seven years ago Canada very nearly wrested the Cup from her great neighbour with the happily named *Countess of Dufferin*; and five years later another Canadian yacht, the *Atalanta*, also did her best to carry off the trophy, being, however, beaten by the American *Mischief*, which won by nearly half-an-hour. Other American victories were that of the *Puritan* over Sir Richard Sutton's Clyde-built yacht, the *Genesta*; and that of the *Mayflower*, which triumphantly defeated Lieutenant Henn's cutter, *Galatea*. Then followed, from the British point of view, a real piece of bad luck.

Most people remember the extraordinary excitement which was caused, ten years ago, by the manifold adventures of Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie II.* and *Valkyrie III.* The plucky Peer-yachtsman can certainly look back to having had the roughest of rough luck. His first challenge having fallen through, he sent across the ocean *Valkyrie II.*, which at the time was said to be the best yacht ever despatched from British shores. On that occasion, America all but lost the Cup, for though the *Vigilant* won every event, she only did so in each case by seconds. Nothing daunted, Lord Dunraven made a third attempt to win the Cup, in 1895. *Valkyrie III.* was a keel-cutter. Accordingly the Americans built a similar yacht to oppose her, and the aptly named *Defender* would probably have had all her work cut out but for a series of untoward incidents. The enthusiasm and interest excited by the race were tremendous. The first contest—there are generally three—was, it must be admitted, clearly won by the *Defender*. In the second race, owing to the obstruction caused by an excursion-steamer, *Valkyrie III.* and her rival met at too close quarters, and the British yacht carried away the

Defender's top-mast-shroud, which caused her to be disqualified, though there is no doubt that Lord Dunraven's boat had won the race. The owner, naturally angered at what he considered a very high-handed proceeding on the part of the American judges, refused to sail *Valkyrie III.* again.

In the October of 1899, Sir Thomas Lipton, with *Shamrock*, entered the arena. *Shamrock* was the first British racing yacht to be constructed on new lines—that is, of metal, and of a design far more closely approaching the American type of boat than had been the case with *Valkyrie III.* The *Shamrock* was designed by Mr. William Fife, who, together with Mr. Watson, had already designed the *Valkyries*. *Shamrock*, however, was from the first an unlucky boat. The yacht never got into really good racing condition, and, as all yachtsmen will understand, the fact that she had been out under canvas only eight times before taking part in the historic race practically condemned her to failure. During the second race she lost her top-mast, and the *Columbia* scored a very easy victory. The three races took place on Oct. 16, 17, and 20. Two years later *Shamrock II.* sailed across the Atlantic. She had been thoroughly tested in British waters, and we all remember what great things were expected of her, the more so that *Shamrock II.* and *Columbia* were undoubtedly more evenly matched than had been any of the previous rival racers. On Sept. 28, 1901, the *Columbia* won by 1 min. 20 sec.; she did even better on the occasion of the second race; and the third and last race, sailed on Oct. 4, was certainly the most exciting of the many great yachting conflicts which have taken place in American waters. Had it not been that, owing to her enormous sail-area, *Shamrock II.* had to allow 43 sec. to the *Columbia*, the British yacht would have won, for she crossed the line two seconds ahead of the American boat.

Sir Thomas Lipton is said to have declared that he would not give up attempting to win the America Cup till he had completed the symbolic trefoil which has been for so long Ireland's national emblem, and, accordingly, *Shamrock II.* had scarcely lost the Cup before her plucky owner set to work on *Shamrock III.* "The third leaf to make a perfect *Shamrock*" has every possible improvement which can have been suggested to its designers and to its owner by the failure of *Shamrock* and *Shamrock II.* She had every kind of trial-trip, both at home and off Sandy Hook, and there is no doubt that she is the quickest yacht that has ever crossed the Atlantic.

Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, manager of the *Reliance*, is almost as well known in British waters as he is in American yachting circles. The *Reliance* is described as being more fragile-looking and more graceful than *Shamrock III.* She is deeper and broader than the British yacht, and not quite so long. An interesting point about the *Reliance* is her ownership. Sir Thomas Lipton is sole possessor of *Shamrock III.*, but the American boat is owned by nine prominent members of the New York Yacht Club. The chief of the nine is, naturally, Mr. Oliver Iselin, who was awarded the proud title of manager, and among his co-owners are two great millionaires, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mr. William Rockefeller.

The America Cup is a curious, old-fashioned looking piece of plate, and it is not too much to say that its intrinsic value has been exceeded a millionfold by the attempts made to wrest it from the land of the Stars and Stripes. The Cup, which is really a vase, stands only a little over a foot high, and is ornamented, as was all the plate of its date, in a heavy, inartistic fashion.



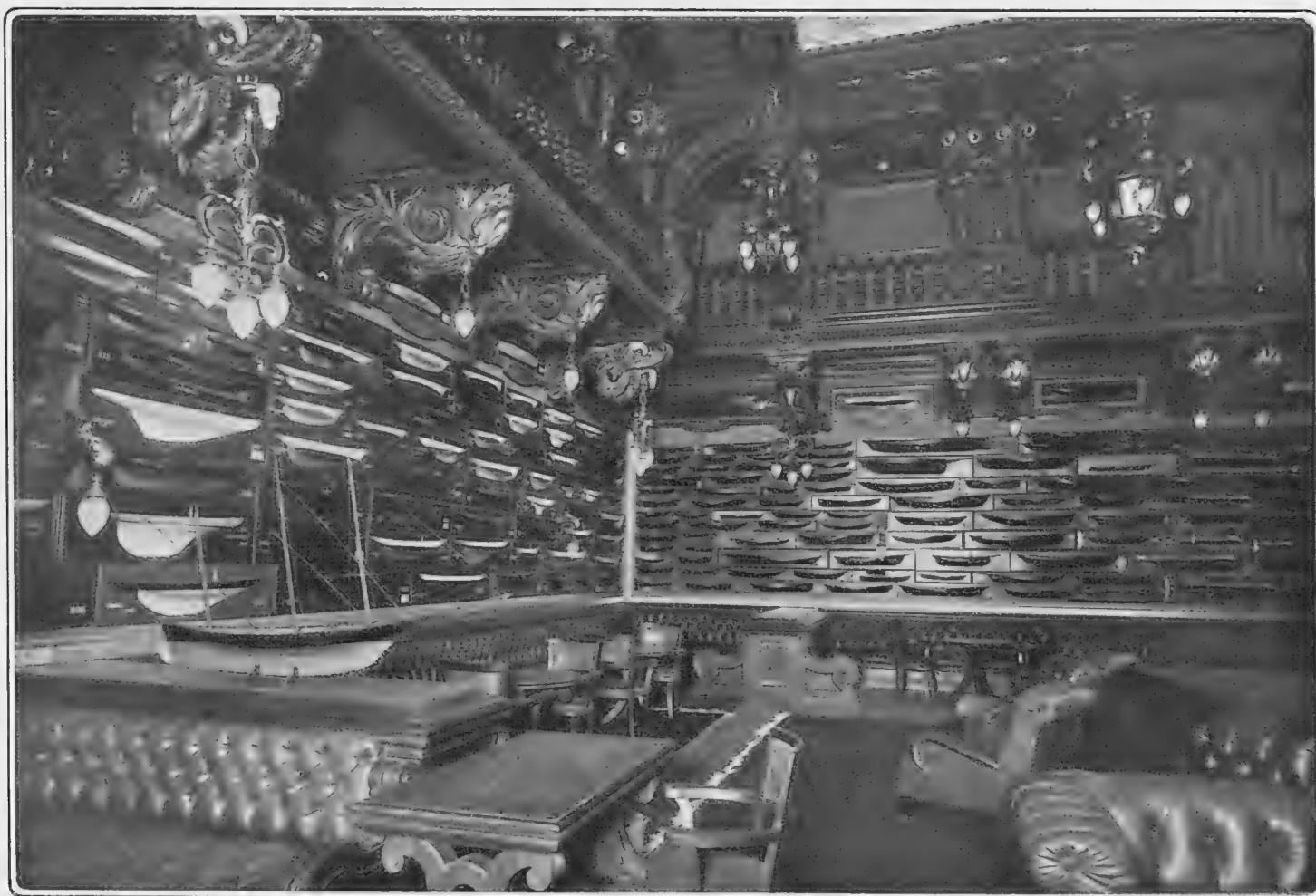
THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB: THE LIBRARY.

Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.



THE DINING-ROOM, REPRESENTING THE INTERIOR OF AN OLD DUTCH VESSEL.



THE MODEL ROOM, CONTAINING THE FINEST COLLECTION OF MODELS IN THE WORLD.

Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.

MR. FRANK CURZON,

THE MAN WHO CONTROLS THE AVENUE, THE STRAND, THE PRINCE OF WALES', THE CRITERION, WYNDHAM'S, AND THE COMEDY.

IT is a brilliant record for five years. More than that, it probably constitutes a managerial record in the annals of London's play-houses. As to what five years more will bring forth he would be a bold man who would hazard a guess, for Mr. Curzon is indefatigable, and to say that ambition grows with what it feeds on is a trite commonplace.

Like so many other men who have made a brilliant record in the theatrical world, the theatre was the thing with which Mr. Curzon was neither expected nor intended to deal. As a matter of fact, after leaving his home in Cheshire, he at first occupied a position in a business house; but in due course the *bacillus theatricalis*, which had hitherto been latent in his blood, developed, and he got a bad attack of stage fever. Perhaps, like so many other young men, he had been more or less stage-struck for a long time. His enthusiasm had found a more or less unsatisfactory outlet in amateur acting, and when Mr. Charles Hawtrey was going to produce "Tom, Dick, and Harry" at the Duke of York's Theatre, Mr. Curzon helped to finance it. It is an open secret that the play "failed to attract," to use a now historic phrase, and it was removed to the Strand, where a no more satisfactory result was achieved. Mr. Curzon lost everything he had; but then, as since, no one engaged in the production could complain of not receiving every penny to which he was entitled.

Thus early in his career Mr. Curzon gave evidence that he possessed that peculiar instinct for dramatic effect which has never since failed him. In "Tom, Dick, and Harry," the man Mr. Hawtrey impersonated had to disguise himself like one of the other characters. "If you would only make up on the stage instead of off, in your dressing-room, so that the audience could see you being transformed into the likeness of the other man," said Mr. Curzon, over and over again, "I am sure it would make all the difference in the world to the play." Mr. Hawtrey, however, did not see this, and continued to play the part in the old way as long as the piece ran. When it was taken off, he offered to give Mr. Curzon the country rights. The offer was accepted. Mr. Curzon booked a tour for the play, assumed Mr. Hawtrey's part, and introduced the scene he had suggested. The result was that he toured with that play for three years, during which time he built up a very considerable reputation as a provincial manager, so that, later on, many of the directors of the country theatres would not take plays with which he had been associated unless his name was on the bill.

While touring with "Tom, Dick, and Harry," Mr. Curzon had a characteristic experience. One night, two young men of the class known as "bounders" occupied seats in the front row of the stalls, and made themselves objectionable to the ladies of the company. During the course of the last act, Mr. Curzon called his baggage-man and said to him, "Go into the stalls, stand at the entrance, and wait until I tell you what to do." As soon as the curtain fell Mr. Curzon went in front of it, and, addressing the audience, said, "I am going to have the two 'gentlemen' who have been making themselves objectionable this evening brought to the green-room, and I am going to give them a lesson in manners." The stalwart baggage-man hustled the two "gentlemen" on to the stage, and thence into the green-room. Mr. Curzon proceeded to chastise first one, and then the other. When he got through, the baggage-man took them back again into the auditorium,

where the whole audience sat awaiting their return. Next morning, the two men went down to the theatre and asked the stage-door keeper for Mr. Curzon, saying "Now we'll show you what we are going to do with him." "He is not in the theatre," said the stage-door keeper; but, looking up the street, he added, "here he comes." As soon as the men heard that, they took to their heels and bolted as fast as their legs could carry them. One lesson in manners had evidently been enough for them.

With his newly acquired reputation, and the capital he had made in the country, Mr. Curzon returned to London, and was, in part at least, instrumental in producing "A Brixton Burglary" at Terry's Theatre. In this he played a detective, and made his first and last "hit" as an actor in London. That was in 1898. About that time "A Message from Mars" was being talked about, and in due course Mr. Curzon was shown the play. "I will do it," he said, with

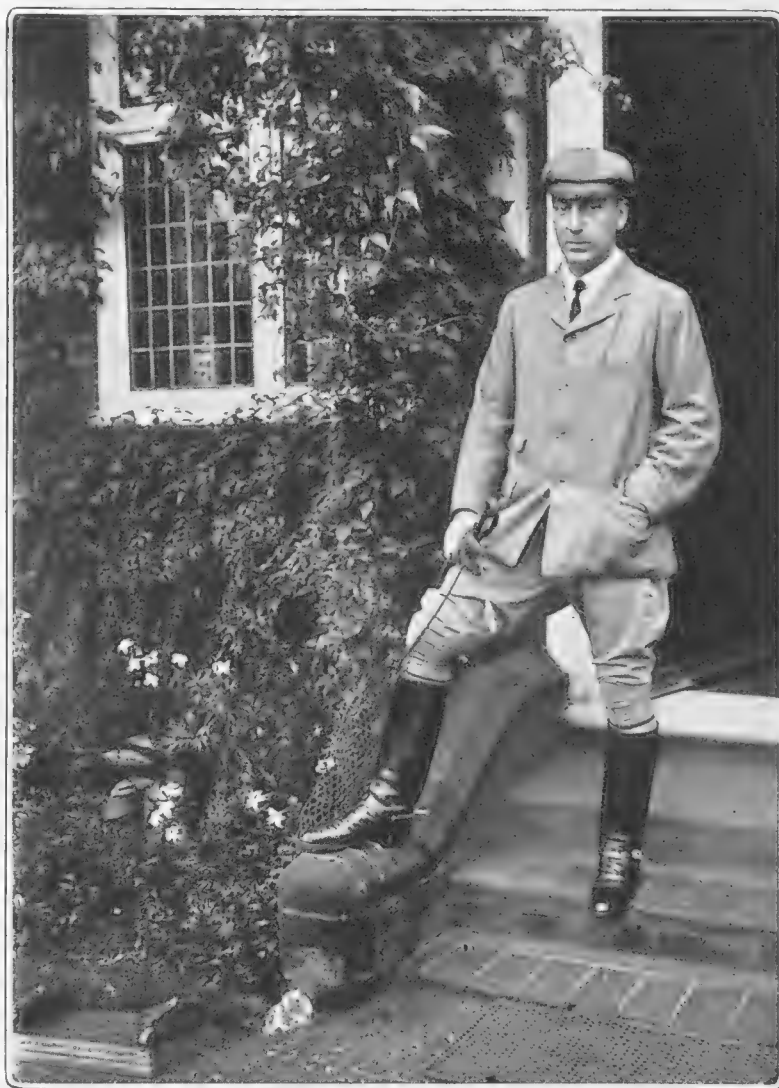
characteristic decision, for he never hesitates whenever a business proposal is made to him, and a determining and final "yes" or "no" is spoken as soon as he has read a piece. "Mars" was produced, with what result the world knows, and while it was running Mr. Curzon heard that the Strand was in the market. He determined to take it. When his friends heard this, they were unanimous in going to him and saying, "If you take the Strand you will go bankrupt." "If you stand still you fail," replied Mr. Curzon, laconically. "At all events, I must be up and doing, and I am going to take the Strand." He did. The "Chinese Honeymoon" has been running there for nearly two years.

The direction of so many houses naturally betokens a peculiar combination of talents. It is no doubt the same order of mentality as that which builds up and directs enormous businesses; and no matter in what walk of life Mr. Curzon had found himself, he would undoubtedly have emerged from the crowd and become one of its conspicuous and representative men. One reason for his success is probably that he has the fighting instinct very largely developed, and where, in the face of a failure, other men would sit down and wring their hands, he sets his teeth, puts his shoulder to the wheel, and looks to see how to turn disaster into success. Unlike many men in the theatrical world, he bases his calculations

not on success, but on failure, and considers, first, not how much he is likely to make, but how small he can cut his loss should the public fail to be attracted. It is no doubt, in part at least, on this account that he has got his reputation as being a hard business-man. He will fight for a quarter per cent. like a hard business-man, for he realises that, if he has a success, that quarter per cent. may mean the addition of several hundred pounds to the profits, and in the event of a failure it will be a quarter per cent. less to make up on the losses.

Out of business, however, this "hard business-man" is a most delightful and genial man, whose heart probably rules his head. It would seem almost a contradiction in terms, were it not so invariably the rule with men reputed "hard," that Mr. Curzon has been heard to say over and over again, "Life is a man's affections."

If he works hard, he plays hard, and as if there were nothing in the world but play. If he cares for one thing more than another, it is his horses. He keeps seven hunters and he rides straight to hounds, invariably accompanied by his wife, who is as fine a horsewoman as he is a horseman.

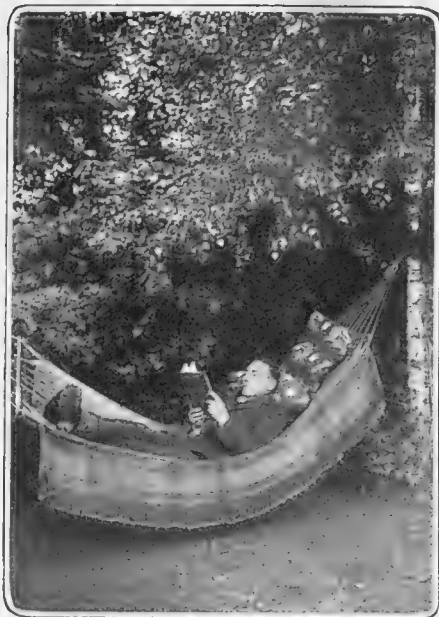


MR. FRANK CURZON.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

LV.—MR. FRANK CURZON.



"GO AWAY! I HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO SPARE!"



"YOU MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT THIS WAS MY HOUR FOR THINKING."



"THEN THERE'S FRED MOUILLOT WAITING TO BE BEATEN AT BILLIARDS."



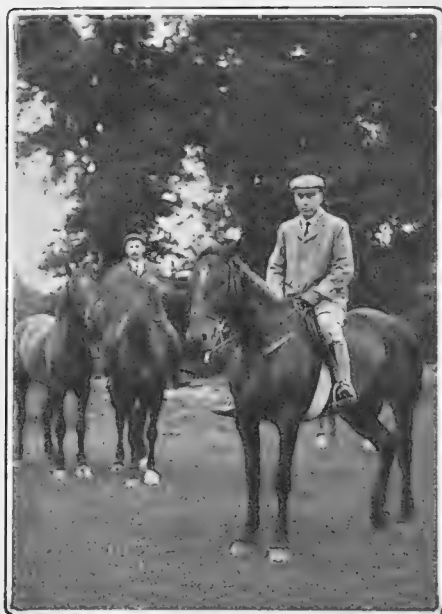
"AFTER THAT, HE WILL WANT TO TAKE IT OUT OF ME AT GOLF—"



"—AND I SHALL HAVE TO RETALIATE AT BOWLS."



"STILL UNDAUNTED? WELL, IT'S ONLY FAIR TO TELL YOU THAT I USUALLY TAKE A DRIVE ABOUT NOON."



"THIS MORNING, HOWEVER, I SHALL FLEE FROM YOU ON HORSEBACK. GOOD-BYE!"



"STILL HERE? IT SEEMS THAT INTERVIEWERS ARE AS PERSISTENT AS ACTRESSES."



"I SUPPOSE I HAD BETTER SURRENDER. DO YOUR—BEST!"

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown," particularly when the crown has been put upon the head by assassins—I beg their pardon, I mean officers and gentlemen. Peter Karageorgevitch, successor to the murdered King of Servia, is not having a first-class time; in fact, I would not change places with him for twice the money he draws from Servia's treasury. I gather from the things my morning paper leaves unsaid, that the officers and gentlemen who put an end to the Obrenovitch dynasty are bringing up King Peter in the way they want him to go, and that he is not nearly as much his own master as you or I may be. But for the fear of what Russia or Austria would do, I am inclined to believe that King Peter would be sent after King Alexander, and that the strongest rascal in the Servian Army would seize the throne and give the country a military dictatorship. Indeed, if Russia does get seriously entangled in the Near or Far East, King Peter will find it difficult to insure his life or throne in the most speculative insurance office of London or New York. If he will take the advice of a modest anonymous scribe who wishes him well, he will slip away one dark night to the railway-station and take the sleeping-car express to Paris. It is no bad journey, and it is better to be a live man than a dead King.

What is the matter with M. Camille Pelletan? I am beginning to fear that, despite his "blazing indiscretions," he is a big man mentally

as well as physically. I read that he is about to abolish the use of gold lace in the French Navy. The liberty, equality, and fraternity of the Republic are threatened by the outward and visible signs of officialdom and superiority, so the gold lace must go, says the Minister of Marine. Well, after all, it is safe to try these changes upon a navy, for your sailor-man, be he officer or no, has plenty of work for all his waking hours, and he is far removed from the society of the fair sex for the greater part of the year. What would happen if General André were to give a similar order? I tremble to think of the outcry. Happily, our own noble institution in Pall Mall will never be guilty of such a *faux pas*. Even when the giant brain of the War Office was evolving its administrative triumphs in South Africa, it found time to attend to the more pressing needs of the country—to devise a new forage-cap and issue some regulations with regard to buttons. Only rude Radicals, Republicans, Socialists, and others of ill-repute venture to suggest that, as glittering uniforms are no longer possible in war, they should not be worn at all. If our officers are not to have pretty uniforms, what is the country paying thirty odd millions a year for?

I read that some great Italian scientist has discovered that there is life in metals. The statement has a strange, uncanny sound, and it will take some repetition before we are reconciled to it; but, at the same time, scientific men have been working up to the discovery for years past. "Matter may be regarded as a form of thought, thought may be regarded as a property of matter," wrote Huxley thirty or forty years ago, and from this statement to the discovery that metals exhibit certain phenomena of life is no far cry. The Italian savant declares that it is possible to destroy this life in metals—to poison a metal just as you can poison a man.

This aspect of the discovery vexes me, for I see in the near future a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Metals, with substantial offices, a monthly or weekly record of convictions, and rich endowments from sensitive old ladies who have devoted the latter half of their lives to keeping cats and lap-dogs in luxury. There will be an Act of Parliament specifying the offences to metals that are punishable by fine and imprisonment. Working metals in an unfit state, packing them improperly, beating them into shapes they do not wish to assume—these and similar crimes must soon come within the range of the law.

By the time these lines are printed the Zionists will be holding their annual Congress at Basle, and there will be the usual gathering of brilliant workers in the strange, daring cause. Dr. Theodor Herzl, leader of the movement, will have something to say about his recent visits to St. Petersburg and Constantinople. Kishineff will probably be remembered. Dr. Max Nordau will make his annual report of the condition of the Jews all over the world, and I suppose that Zangwill will return to the subject of the Hirsch millions.

Baron Hirsch left a huge sum to establish the persecuted Russian Jews in the Argentine. Colonies have been started there, but have not done much good up to the present; the trustees have some ten million pounds at their disposal, and are disposed to keep them there. They resist the suggestion that they should throw in their lot with the Zionists. Ten millions constitute too great a lot, I presume. They do not seriously deny the failure of the Argentine scheme, they do not issue balance-sheets, they do not respond to criticism. "J'y suis et j'y reste" would seem to be the motto of the Hirsch trust. Give Zionism ten million pounds and it would become a practical scheme to-morrow; its opponents would admit as much. Unfortunately, when men have ten millions, if only in trust, they are hard to convince. The trustees parted with a million to the British Government by way of death dues, but only when they had appealed to the highest tribunals.



G. L. STAMPA.

THAT LEGAL FARE.

BRUTAL CABBY: Ho! So I'm standin' the tea, I notice!

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



III.—THE EVE OF THE SEASON.

"WE shan't do any harm if we keep to the road," said my host; "we have three hours' moon, and the night is very warm. Let us inspect the battlefield on the eve of the first great encounter."

Obedient to the suggestion, we left the lodge and passed down the long white avenue with its border of lime-trees, and crossed the burn by the rustic bridge.



SOON WE WERE AMID THE HEATHER.

The last heron had gone home, the king-fishers had retired to their quarters in the bank; but the faint occasional splash suggested that either all the flies had not gone to bed, or that the trout were making a late night of it, and the burn itself sang merrily to the pebbles of the absurdity of an eight-hours day. We tramped down the road past the two great plantations where the black-game hide. I had watched them feeding at their ease in the earlier evening, the cock birds surrounded by their household, quite unconscious that they had rather less than nine days' peaceful life before the morning arrived when the beaters would go through their sanctuary and they would find a double line of guns waiting for them beyond the fir-trees. The low grounds seemed full of game, even at this late hour. Rabbits were feeding all round the plantations and ignored our presence; we saw several brown hares before we struck the main path that leads uphill to the moorlands. It was a stiff climb, although the road was good; and there was enough breeze to stir the grouse-protectors along the railway-line a couple of hundred yards away. Soon we were amid the heather, the deep, fragrant heather, budding and ready to break into flower. It went undulating round us in every direction, and we knew that hundreds of grouse were spending their last night in its shelter, for this was the eleventh of August, and, indeed, had about three hours to live before the Twelfth would take its place. Draining, cutting, burning, careful supervision, and endless war against hawks, stoats, magpies, jays, and other enemies had tended rather to overstock the land; the coveys, we had been told, were strong on the wing and quite plentiful, and the thinning-down that would commence before twelve hours had passed was very necessary if the land was not to be spoiled by the multitude of its inhabitants.

We kept to the road and walked steadily on past ranges of butts set to serve every wind that blows. How often the young birds had gone over the harmless banks of turf in the past few weeks! Doubtless their parents in the seasons of nesting and rearing had quite forgotten the experiences that preceded the winter of the previous year, and had led them over the butts without a thought of the uses they had served and might serve again. In the part of the country we were passing through no grouse are shot after mid-October, partly because they are already wild and have commenced to pack and fly high, partly because the tenants of the shooting never come up to face the moors in the hard winter. Highland poachers sometimes set up "stooks"—three or four sheafs of corn—and hide behind them to get a point-blank shot at hungry birds when the cold drives them from their homes; but apart from this, the troubles of the grouse are over in October, and the greater part of the shooting is done on the lower grounds, where the pheasants are ready for the guns and the cleared fields enable partridges to be driven. Ten months' care and two months'

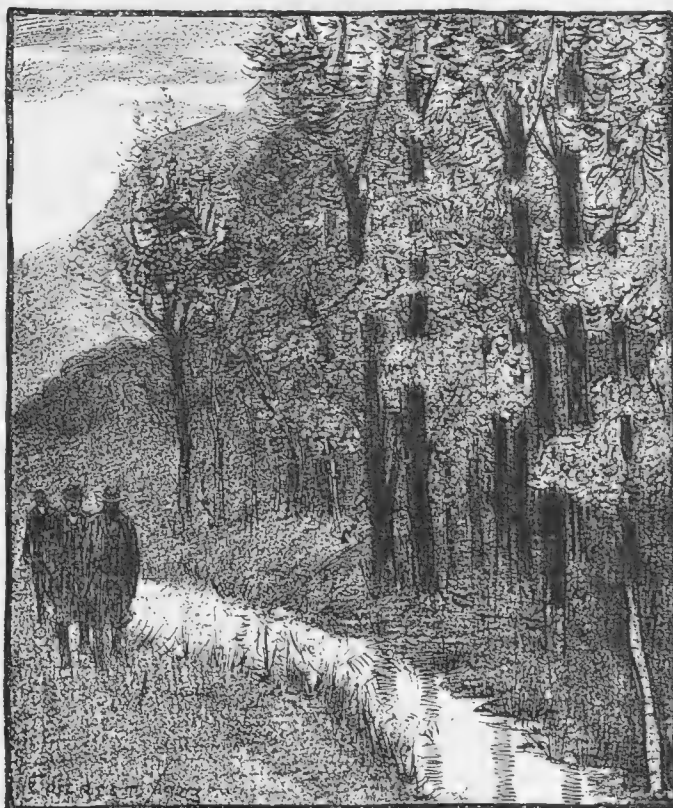
persecution! Such is the fate of the grouse—and no bad one, as the world wags.

The most wary old grouse on the moors might have been excused for fearing no evil on such a night as this. Down on the lowlands there would have been some sounds, however few—a ceaseless rustle among the fields of slowly yellowing corn; but up here there was a complete silence, such as I have known only in the desert. The wind had dropped, the singing of the grouse-protectors had stopped, and the earth was quiet as though the moon had charmed it into dreamless sleep. Instinctively we talked in whispers as we turned from a track leading past a dim corrie to the lower road and home, and so soon as the turn was made we stood still. A great stag, heavily antlered, had stepped from the corrie to the path, as though to dispute our progress, and stood in silence, staring at the three intruders upon his domain. For a few moments he kept quite still, a lordly creature, full of dignity, then he turned and trotted off, not rapidly, but as though he resented our presence and preferred to be alone. The nearest deer-forest being twelve or fifteen miles away, we were as surprised to see him as he was to see us, and far more pleased.

"He has come down to the burn to drink," said the elder of my companions. "In my father's time, poachers used to wait here, their muzzle-loading guns full of slugs. Many a stag has fallen on this spot, but few come here now."

We moved on through a fading light that gave a curious purple to the road where it met the moorland. Never a sound disturbed us until we found the burn again and followed its course under tall, shadowy trees, past fields of sleeping kine, to a point where the lights of the house were faintly visible.

"We will tell the others what they have missed," said my host, as we passed the gates. But we found none of the party to listen to us.



UNDER TALL, SHADOWY TREES.

All had gone to bed, to be prepared with clear eye and steady hand for the day about to be born, and we made haste to follow, with an uneasy feeling that, although late evening rambles are delightful, the night that ushers in the Twelfth of August is badly chosen for such pursuits.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I REFERRED some weeks ago to the unsatisfactory state of the law of copyright in biographies. A writer may spend years finding out facts from old newspapers and other documents about some famous or notorious personage and embody the results in an elaborate biography. It is quite open, apparently, to a compiler to seize upon these facts, with or without acknowledgment, and weave them into a popular narrative sold at a popular price, obtaining a larger share of the money and the credit than the original investigator. I happen to know that one of our most eminent writers has recently been victimised in this way. He felt the injury so strongly that he took legal advice. His lawyers, after considering the circumstances, advised him that it was very doubtful whether he could get a verdict.

In the *Athenæum* two eminent Italian scholars write to protest against the use of their researches and studies by Mrs. Ady in her books on Beatrice D'Este and Isabella D'Este, Marchioness of Mantua. They claim that the lady has not only reproduced the documents discovered by them and transcribed at the cost of much time and trouble, but also appropriated their historical and critical observations, using the results of their erudition, repeating citations from books which she has not even seen. "If she refers to us sometimes, it is only as an astute means of hiding from the reader the hundred other occasions on which she despoils us without mentioning the fact. Her book is purely and simply a counterfeit, which to the superficial public may seem clever, but which seems gross to the student, who at once perceives that the author knows nothing of Italian historical literature, has made no personal research, loses her way as soon as our guidance is wanting (namely, in the periods of the life of Isabella which we have not yet treated), and always works at second hand." I have no

means of judging how far this complaint is well founded, and no doubt Mrs. Ady will in due course reply, but no literary worker can help sympathising with these scholars when they say "We should certainly be justified in going to law; but everyone will understand how many and how great would be the difficulties of such a suit before the ordinary Courts, especially before foreign Judges. We prefer to denounce the fact before the tribunal of public opinion." I am sure they are right in declining to take legal action, and yet there ought to be a simple and effective remedy at law against all purloining of original labour.

Mr. David Williamson, who has been lecturing in America, has been much impressed by the pains which American journalists take to dish up news in an original style. He saw in one great daily paper a paragraph headed "Iced Lemonade." This recorded the funeral of a well-known woman. It began with an account of the service at

the home of the deceased, and went on to report the list of friends who were present, and the items of the service. The final sentence was, "Iced lemonade was served to the mourners in the rear parlour." Mr. Williamson says that the editors whom he met were nearly all young, and that their salaries were large in comparison with the salaries which rule over here.

Dr. Garnett is always making interesting literary finds. Hitherto, no facts have been ascertained respecting the end of Gilbert Imlay, the false lover of Mary Wollstonecraft. When Dr. Garnett wrote an article upon him in the "Dictionary of National Biography," the latest reference to him he could find was Godwin's account of the meeting with Mary in April 1796—

They met by accident upon the New Road; he alighted from his horse and walked with her for some time, and the encounter passed, as she assured me, without producing in her any oppressive emotion.

Recently, however, Dr. Garnett has become possessed of a copy, made in 1833, of a curious epitaph in prose and verse upon Gilbert Imlay, which then existed in the churchyard of St. Brelade's, Jersey. The prose part is as follows—

Here was (*sic*) interred (*sic*) the perishable remains of Gilbert Imlay, Esq., who was born Oct. 9, 1758, and expired on the 20 Novr. 1828.

On the whole, through the close parallel of time and the juxtaposition of two such unusual names as Gilbert and Imlay, and other circumstances, Dr. Garnett is much disposed to think that the grave in St. Brelade's churchyard really does, or did, contain the remains of Mary Wollstonecraft's faithless lover. The point might, perhaps, be absolutely determined if a will or letters of administration could be found.

The title of Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel, which will be published in October

by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, is "Dr. Xavier." Mr. Pemberton has now fully recovered his health, and is back again at his residence in Hampstead.

The mystery about "The MS. in a Red Box" has been cleared up. It turns out that the writer is the Rev. J. A. Hamilton, Congregational Minister at Penzance. Mr. Hamilton is by no means a novice in literature. One of his predecessors in Penzance was the Rev. Dr. Kernahan, father of Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the well-known novelist and critic.

Among other novels announced for the autumn are "The Lights of Home," by David Lyall; "Barbe of the Grande Bayon," by John Oxenham; "That Brilliant Peggy," by L. T. Meade; "The Dayspring," by Dr. William Barry; "Hetty Wesley," by "Q"; and "The Vineyard," by John Oliver Hobbes.

O. O.



STUDIES OF CHILDREN: BY TOM BROWNE.

II.—"AFFECTION." (A DUTCH GIRL.)

FIVE NEW NOVELS.

"THE METTLE OF THE PASTURE."BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

"She did not wish any supper." These are the opening words of Mr. Allen's novel, and the intelligent reader will at once understand that "she" is the heroine, that her lack of appetite is directly traceable to Love, and that the scene of the story is laid in America. Persevering, the reader will discover that Isabel is awaiting the arrival of one Rowan, who is about to ask her to become his wife. "In a little while the sound of a step on the gravel reached her ear; she paused and listened. It was familiar, but it was unnatural—she remembered this afterwards." The unnaturalness of Rowan's step, of course, prepares us for disaster. We are not surprised, therefore, when the young man, full of "the mettle of the pasture," prefates his love-making with a confession regarding some misdeed of his youth. The author does not tell us just yet—indeed, not until we reach the middle of the book—the nature of this terrible sin, but we gather that it is something uncommonly naughty when we hear that "she closed her eyes and shuddered, and twisted her body away from him as a bird of the air bends its neck and head as far as possible from a repulsive captor."

Isabel, you see, was a particularly superior young woman. Not for her the generous forbearance, the gentle sympathy of the ordinary, flesh-and-blood girl who loves and is loved by a man. Rowan's unfortunate confession not only ends everything between them, but it also proves a source of infinite discomfort to her grandmother, and her friends, and Rowan's mother, and his friends, and a great many other people in the young lady's neighbourhood. Wondering, still, what this dreadful sin can be, we read on until page 234 is reached. At this juncture, apparently, the author decides that the intelligent reader has been kept in the dark long enough. A meeting is arranged between Isabel and her lover, and the superior young person rounds on the gentleman thus: "What did you suppose such a confession would mean to me? Did you imagine that while it was still fresh on your lips I would smile in your face and tell you it made no difference? Was I to hear you speak of one whose youth and innocence you took away through her frailties, and then step joyously into her place? Was this the unfeeling, the degraded soul you thought to be mine?" Certainly not, and so poor Rowan goes away without explaining that the wronged person has since been comfortably married by a man in her own class, that the child has been comfortably adopted, and that the traces of the parentage have been wiped out. Nor does he make mention of the fact that he had offered marriage to the wronged person. No; he just slides into a decline directly traceable to the gnawings of conscience.

Still persevering, we read on, and find that, towards the end of the book, the superior Isabel very kindly marries the scoundrel Rowan, and is just in time to act as chief mourner at his funeral. Such, briefly, is the main story of Mr. Allen's romance. There are, of course, subsidiary characters in the book, but the majority of them are fully as irritating as Miss Isabel. They have no blood in their veins, and we venture to believe that even the American cannot entirely dispense with this commonplace fluid. The only people who really win our sympathy and respect are Pansy and Dent, a pair of lovers who marry and settle down to a life of honest toil and unaffected happiness. There are pretty bits of writing here and there, but, in the main, we found "The Mettle of the Pasture" dull and wearisome beyond measure.

"THE CRY OF THE WILD."BY JACK LONDON.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

There have been stories of dogs many and various, but it is safe to say that the history of Buck, son of a Mount St. Bernard and a Scotch sheep-dog, stands alone for its power of transporting the reader from his civilised surroundings to the frozen North, where reigns the "law of club and fang" both for man and beast. The story is frankly brutal; but, although it is a brutality of sickening blows that stun, of dog-fights to the death, it is a brutality one is never inclined to resent, for it is so essentially in keeping, entirely virile, wonderfully primeval. Buck began life amidst luxury in a Southern sun-kissed valley, but he was of the breed that was wanted in Klondyke, and the gardener's helper, Manuel, with a taste for gambling—"whose wages did not lap over the needs of his wife and divers small copies of himself"—stole him and bartered him for gold. As a result of a life which recognises only the survival of the fittest, a life of terrible vicissitudes, softened for a brief while by the love of a man (into this part the author has woven all the sentiment he has so sternly withheld elsewhere), the dog harked back slowly and gradually to his ancestors—"the domesticated generations fell from him." As part of his new attributes comes the tireless patience of the wild animal, and masterly is the description of his dragging down by sheer harassing and persistency a bull moose. "Three hundredweight more than half a ton he weighed; he had lived a long, strong life full of fight and struggle, and at the end he faced death at the teeth of a creature

whose head did not reach beyond his great knuckled knees." The murder of Buck's master severed the last bond that held him to civilisation, and at last we see him running with the easy lope of the wolf at the head of the pack. No review can hope to reproduce faithfully the atmosphere of this book. It establishes more firmly than ever the author's position as the story-teller of the North.

"THE LAST WORD."BY ALICE MACGOWAN.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

After disentangling oneself from double-barrelled adjectives and positively terrifying Americanisms, it is possible to develop a little toleration for a certain breeziness and a fresh way of putting things which are characteristics of this curious book; and, of course, the strangeness—to English readers—of the Texas girl who figures as the heroine is not lacking the charm of novelty. Yet the clouds of sentiment which surround and more or less swamp the individuality of Francis Garnett Randolph, President of the Salem Publishing Company, are enough to break down the stoutest heart. Carrington West's heart struggles through four hundred pages to be free from the alluring influence of this Admirable Crichton, for Cara has a head, with a capital H, which dictates a career, with a capital C; and she was one of those journalists presumably born, not made, for, fresh from the Texas plains and her bronchos, without apparently any experience, she could write "copy" by the yard which simply reduced those clever members of the New York Salem Publishing Company to pulp, save, perhaps, the supercilious De Witt, one of the editors, who endeavours ineffectually to modify this young woman's fine conceit. In the desert of sickly sentiment there are oases of humour, even if it be of the type "Amurrican."

"THE MAIDS OF PARADISE."BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.
(Constable. 6s.)

Mr. Robert W. Chambers' name is in itself sufficient assurance that "The Maids of Paradise" is well written; and he has chosen a period that is readily appreciated by the lover of romance. It is doubly unfortunate, therefore, that one closes his book with a sense of something wanting. It is neither flesh nor fowl nor good red-herring—neither war-story nor love-story nor jewel-story, and between the three stools it falls, though, it is true, lightly. Mr. Chambers is at his best when he is writing of the Franco-German War—of fighting in the streets, of treachery and intrigue, of the boom of cannon, the rattle of guns and the clash of swords, and of that fine chivalry which, through the slaughter and the hanging and the burning, enables the soldier to recognise the soldier, and the salute to be given to a brave and wounded enemy. With this phase of his work the book opens, and it is the strength of these boldly yet minutely painted war-pictures that, perhaps undeservedly, overshadows and dwarfs the less vigorous love-episodes, and the story of the daring plot to steal the Crown jewels of France. Mr. Chambers' characters, both men and women, are firmly drawn, but his story lacks that flamboyant matter and manner that mean so much in romance of the class to which it legitimately belongs. He has Dumas material without the Dumas method.

"THE TICKENCOTE TREASURE."BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.
(Newnes. 6s.)

It can hardly be said that Mr. William Le Queux's latest novel sustains his deserved reputation as a popular writer or justifies the publishers' preliminary note that "the absorbing interest of the plot lays hold on the reader in the first chapter and does not leave him for one moment until he looks up dazed from the perusal of the last page, unable to distinguish from the material world and the world of fiction in which he has been wandering." As a matter of hard fact, it is a fair example of the mildly entertaining, if unedifying, class of work designated "railway-reading." The search for wealth through ordinary, or extraordinary, business channels has of late frequently formed a theme for the novelist; but we had almost begun to think that the search for that fabulous wealth which is always accompanied by secret ciphers and much tribulation, and which invariably and most conveniently refuses to be unearthed until the allotted space of time and number of pages have been consumed, had vanished from fiction. Yet here we have Mr. Le Queux dealing with a barnacle-covered derelict tenanted by the usual skeletons in armour: a mysterious man with a pathetic *penchant* for a rusty sword; a store of wealth, undoubtedly hidden for the future benefit of a novelist, and as reluctant as Mr. Micawber's "something" to "turn up"; bloodthirsty rivals; secret documents and cryptic keys that would have delighted Francis Bacon's twentieth-century protectors; priest-holes; and all the paraphernalia dear to those who are still "rainbow-chasers" at heart. For the rest, it must be said that the characters work their hardest to further their creator's plans, and, with the delightful perversity which is so important an asset under such circumstances, either do nothing or do everything wrong until the arrival of the appointed hour.

THE MODERN HUSBAND

BY DUDLEY HARDY.





ALGERNON: It's perfectly sick'nin'! I wish to goodness they wouldn't be always thinkin' about washin' us!

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

THE ADVENTURES—AND MISADVENTURES—OF A MILLIONAIRESS. RECORDED BY LEWIS BAUNER.



EXTRACT FROM FIRST LETTER:

... I am going to write a new book of "Don'ts" for girls. The first chapter will be—"Don't be a Millionaire," and the second—"If you are, don't be rather good-looking." Last season was worse than ever, and I'm getting absolutely sick of it all. And now I'll tell you

a secret. I'm going to run away! Don't be alarmed—by myself. I've sent the most ridiculous excuses to all the places I've been asked to and shall simply disappear. I'll let you know how I get on.



BERTIE AND THE LAW.

By JOHN WORNE.

AS a rule, Bertie had a pretty good idea of the reason why he was in disgrace. This time all was dark. With a mind conscious of the most complete rectitude, he reviewed all his actions during the past week and found in them perfect virtue. Indeed, as he looked back, he came here and there on something of the Quixotic. He need not, for instance, have taken Eva's small brother to Madame Tussaud's. He would certainly never do so again.

"Well," he said, "I suppose *you* know what it is all about."

"This pretence of ignorance," Eva replied, "is very thin."

"Well, it's a poor encouragement to a fellow who has just spent a week of honest endeavour, to be treated as if everything were as usual. I'll think twice before I repent next time."

"As you know," said Eva, firmly, "it is no use arguing with me."

"Punishment is no good unless you tell a fellow what it's for, so as to give him a chance of not doing it again. Anybody who knows anything about it will tell you that."

"I don't care—," began Eva.

"Otherwise," he went on, "there is engendered in the victim a sullen determination never to do anything right, which produces in a short time the hardened criminal whose existence is one of the most knotty problems of—"

"There! you're arguing," said Eva, with exasperating coolness.

"I'm not; I'm only warning you. If you don't tell me what I've done, I shall become a knotty problem in five minutes."

"Nothing can be gained," she said, "by prolonging this interview."

"Very well," he replied. "You refuse to marry me?"

"Certainly."

"And for no reason?"

"You know the reason perfectly well."

"I wish I did. I give you one more chance of explaining."

"I will not be dictated to."

"Very well; you leave me to my remedy at law. Everything that happens will be on your head. Good-bye."

He stalked out, and Eva laughed with delight. As a matter of fact, there *was* no reason: that was the joke. She was only driving the dear boy away out of curiosity, to see what he would do in order to get back again. Wasn't it a lovely idea? Wouldn't he enjoy it when he came humbly to her side and she told him the truth? She looked forward with eagerness to the Staffords' ball that evening. Probably he would pretend to be engaged to Enid Stafford, but she wasn't going to be taken in by that. Enid, as she happened to know, had views elsewhere. All the afternoon she was happily imagining funny little things that he might do, and cunning little devices by which she would defeat him, till he ultimately surrendered. As a matter of fact, the ball at the Staffords' was the dullest affair she had ever been at. Bertie never turned up at all. And though she watched the staircase till the people were beginning to go, the distant bow which she had elaborately prepared was never used. The beautiful little idea had a rather chilly aspect as she drove home in the early morning; and, when lunch-time next day had arrived without anything happening, she began to wonder whether something had gone terribly wrong. Bertie did not usually wait so long as this before beginning. There was a horrible thought at the back of her mind that he might never begin at all. She banished it hastily and turned her attention to something else; but the attention never would remain two minutes on anything else without flying back to Bertie. So she tried the experiment of fixing it on Bertie, to see if it would fly to something else. But it stayed on Bertie, so she gave up the struggle. And then it was that there came crashing down on her the possibility that Bertie had taken her seriously. This was too awful to contemplate. She determined to go out and call on somebody, or do something, or say something, or eat something—anything to drive him out of her mind. And, of course, she might meet him. Not that she cared one atom whether she ever saw him again. Why should she? There were heaps of people quite as nice. There was Lord Bobby, for instance, or Percy Fitzpearce, or Philip Bartram, or Archie Pawling, or the Colonel, or—oh, crowds of them!

As she passed through the hall an altercation was going on at the door. A humble young man with a moderately brushed silk-hat was insisting on something which John said he couldn't do.

"I have to see Miss Rowen, please," said the young man.

"You can leave a message," said John. "She ain't in."

"I'm afraid I must see her, please."

Eva stopped, having heard her name. "What is it?" she asked.

"Miss Evangeline Maud Rowen?" asked the young man, nearly collapsing with fright at his own daring.

"Yes," said Eva, wondering why the full name.

"I—I have to give you this, please," he stammered; then he thrust an oblong piece of paper into her hand and fled.

She looked at him in amazement and unfolded the paper. She glanced at it, and became suddenly hot and uncomfortable, as one does, however innocent, when inquired for by a policeman. Was it a joke? Trembling, she hurried to her room and studied the horrible thing more closely. It was headed, "In the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division." It went on, "Between Herbert George Pilkington, Plaintiff, and Evangeline Maud Rowen, Defendant." Then "Edward the Seventh by the Grace of God, Defender of the Faith," and the rest of it, commanded the above-named Defendant to enter an appearance within eight days, and the Lord Chancellor agreed. Authoritative names, both of them. She stared at the fearsome document in awe and wonder. What on earth did it all mean? She read it again. Yes, there seemed no doubt. But why? And what? She turned it over. Ah! "The Plaintiff claims £5000 damages for breach of promise of marriage." She sat stunned. Five thousand pounds! Why, it was more than she spent at her dressmaker's in a year! It must be one of Bertie's jokes! But it seemed real enough; there was a stamp and solicitors' names. How could she find out? She didn't want to frighten her mother; it might be a joke. But who could help her? There was Mrs. Malsome—*she* knew all about the procedure of the High Court; but Eva had ceased to call on her since the case in which she acquired her knowledge. The remembrance of that suit called up in Eva's mind the contents bills of halfpenny papers, and she shuddered. The mere possibility of appearing upon them in large letters was too awful. And the affectionate familiarity of their reporters! Ugh! And their way of counting the number of times one appeared in a different dress! No; there was only one thing to be done—she must write to Bertie. So she wrote: "BERTIE—A horrid writ has got into my room. It is frightening me. What does it mean?—EVA."

She rang and had the note sent. Back came the answer by bearer. It was headed repulsively, "*Re* Pilkington *v.* Rowen." It ran: "Mr. Pilkington presents his compliments to the Defendant in the above-named action, and begs to inform her that, WHEREAS the matter is now in the hands of his solicitors, all communications must pursue that channel HEREINAFTER." She, who had once been "Darling," had become, by her own folly, "the Defendant in the above-named action."

But was it all through her own folly? No: he was a pig!

And could a man bring a ridiculous action like this? And it still might be a joke. "I know what I'll do," she said. She got herself ready, folded up the abominable document cautiously, and drove with it to the family solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mr. MacIntyre would see her in five minutes, and would she sit down?

It was a most uncomfortable five minutes. People would keep passing through the grubby little room and pretending not to be staring at her. At last Mr. MacIntyre himself looked in.

"Ah, Miss Rowen, come in, come in! And what terrible thing has been happening to bring you here?"

She walked into his office, and was relieved to find things more comfortable than she had expected. He seated her in a nice arm-chair, and asked kindly after Mr. and Mrs. Rowen, and gave her the feeling generally that here, at least, a writ was powerless for evil.

"I'm afraid you'll think it rather strange, Mr. MacIntyre; but—but—I want to know—is—is this really real?" She handed the thing with trembling fingers; he spread it open without any sort of respect.

"Yes, that's real enough," he said, and her heart sank. Then he looked at the back and raised his eyebrows. His mouth was solemn, but his eyes twinkled.

"Can a man bring an action like that?" she asked, indignantly.

"He can. But he usually doesn't."

"But where am I to get five thousand pounds?"

"I don't think it is quite as serious as that. A Jury would not be likely to be very sympathetic with the gentleman in a case like this; I doubt if his damages would be assessed at much more than a shilling."

"You think that's all he suffers by losing me?"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. MacIntyre, hurriedly. "I don't say that. What I mean is—er—it's a little hard to explain exactly—but a case like this, you know, would probably be laughed out of Court."

"I think I see," she said, slowly. "You mean some horrid, vulgar barrister would say cheap, smart things about—about 'blighted hearts' and 'female charms' and—and 'idyllic bliss'—?"

"Ridiculing him, of course," put in Mr. MacIntyre, to soothe her.

"And trying to make out that he has had a lucky escape and can easily find somebody much nicer——?"

"I would brief a man who would do it most tactfully."

"But can't it be stopped?" she asked, in horror at the prospect.

"Well, I know the Plaintiff's solicitors, and will write and ask what it all means. I suspect that you will find the other side willing to come to terms. What could you be prepared to offer?"

"I—I—don't know. What do you think he'll want?"

"You did make the promise, I suppose?"

"Ye-es, I suppose so; only at his suggestion."

Mr. MacIntyre nodded. "And you've declared your intention of not fulfilling it?"

"Ye-es."

"Why?" he asked. She didn't answer. "As your legal adviser, you know——"

"I—I don't know that there was a reason; it was—it was to see what he would do." How foolish the lovely idea seemed now!

"That isn't a reason that would help us much if the matter came into Court." She was obliged to admit the truth of that. "Then you give me full authority to get the best terms I can?"

"Oh yes, yes!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "Anything to prevent it being tried in public." Then she had an idea. "If he forces terms, why shouldn't I? Isn't there any action I can bring against him? Cruelty, or desertion, or something? I should like to send him a writ—a real, horrible, terrifying one that would haunt him at night."

Mr. MacIntyre shook his head. "It's too early for cruelty or desertion, but I'll see what can be done and let you know." His manner was comforting, and she thanked him and drove home. It was dreary work, waiting two weeks without Bertie and without a word from Bertie. Why should it take two weeks to write a simple letter to and get a simple reply from people whose office was within five minutes' walk? However, a portentous envelope arrived at last, and she opened it with trembling fingers. Then, alone in her room, she read what she said to Bertie and Bertie said to her, through the medium of their legal advisers. Messrs. MacIntyre and Macpherson enclosed their correspondence with Messrs. Field and Field.

"LETTER ONE.—*Ourselves to Messrs. Field and Field.*"

"GENTLEMEN,—*Re Pilkington v. Rowen.* Our client, Miss Rowen, has consulted us with reference to this action. We confess we find it difficult to understand the nature of the preposterous claim made by your client" ("Good!" said Eva). "We can assure you that any damage that has been suffered, has been suffered by our client" ("How true!" said Eva), "who has only been restrained from taking immediate action by those feelings of good taste and common decency to which your client appears to be a stranger." ("That's what he deserves," said Eva.) "If, therefore, your client persists in this ridiculous claim, Miss Rowen will be compelled, much against her will, to open up matters which will entitle her, without any possibility of doubt, to very substantial damages" ("I wonder what they are?" said Eva; "but I suppose it is all right"), "and, failing a satisfactory reply, we are instructed to take proceedings at once. We should be glad to know, therefore, what offer you are prepared to make with a view to inducing our client not to insist upon her indisputable rights.—We remain, Gentlemen, &c."

"How cleverly they put it!" thought Eva. "I never saw so clearly what a brute he has been!"

"LETTER TWO.—*Messrs. Field and Field to Ourselves.*"

"GENTLEMEN,—*Re Pilkington v. Rowen.* We are obliged for yours of the 27th ult." ("What on earth is an 'ult.?' " said Eva.) "We regret the tone of your remarks, and are afraid that you have misconceived the true position." ("I believe they are going to be nasty," said Eva.) "We can only say that our client has been treated with a heartless and disgraceful levity which surpasses anything which has ever come within the scope of our experience." ("Oh!" said Eva.) "We know from personal observation that he has been reduced to a condition which is simply deplorable" ("I don't believe it," said Eva); "for a week he has suffered from anguish both mental and moral, of a most acute description" ("I wonder," said Eva); "for some days he has been unable to attend to the theatre with any degree of pleasure; he was even compelled to spend the last week-end at Brighton; and our instructions as to the state of his appetite are painful reading. Under the circumstances, therefore, we think you can hardly be serious in your suggestion that our client should offer terms; but if you will withdraw your offensive remarks about 'good taste' and 'common decency,' we shall be happy to hear any proposal your client may have to make.—We remain, &c."

There was a tear in Eva's eye. She turned to the third letter.

"LETTER THREE.—*Ourselves to Messrs. Field and Field.*"

"GENTLEMEN,—*Re Pilkington v. Rowen.*" ("I'm tired of that," said Eva.) "Yours of the 9th inst. to hand. We admit that any reference to good taste and common decency in connection with your client was out of place." ("I'm glad they've withdrawn that," said Eva; "it was a little strong.") "We duly note what you say as to the condition of your client's health, but would point out that any damage caused by mental anguish is more than counterbalanced by the large sums of money saved by loss of appetite. On this last point we consider that our client has a substantial claim against Mr. Pilkington. We have Counsel's opinion to this effect." ("How clever lawyers are!" said Eva. "I should never have thought of that.") "As your client seems unaware of the danger in which he stands and our client is unwilling

to press him too far, our Mr. MacIntyre will call on you at 11 a.m. to-morrow to discuss the position.—We remain, &c."

"LETTER FOUR.—*Messrs. Field and Field to Ourselves.*"

"GENTLEMEN,—*Re Pilkington v. Rowen.*" ("Why need they say that again?" said Eva.) "Referring to our interview with your Mr. MacIntyre, we beg to repeat that our client will accept nothing less than £5000 or an undertaking in the terms of the original contract." ("What on earth does that mean?" said Eva.)

"LETTER FIVE.—*Ourselves to Messrs. Field and Field.*"

"GENTLEMEN" (Eva skipped the next remark hurriedly and came to the point),—"We are instructed to inform you that our client, without prejudice to her rights, is willing to enter into an undertaking in the terms of and sealed in the same manner as the original contract." ("Am I?" said Eva. "It sounds awful!")

And the correspondence closed with a letter from Mr. MacIntyre requesting her to come to the office next day for the purpose. She asked casually at dinner that evening what was meant by an "undertaking in the terms of the original contract," and the young barrister at her side said it amounted to something like specific performance. She said "Really?" and thanked him. She asked Lord Bobby quietly what "specific performance" meant, and he said it referred to some particular performance, say, at any given theatre, as opposed to performances in general. She thanked him too.

She drove to Lincoln's Inn Fields in considerable doubt, wondering in what way she was expected to perform. Mr. MacIntyre received her and showed her politely into a room off his own, containing a table, a shelf of law-reports, two chairs, and Bertie. She stopped suddenly, and Mr. MacIntyre closed the door without coming in. Bertie looked round. His face was stern and bore marks of suffering. He did not appear to recognise her. He turned his back to her and became engrossed in the inscriptions on the binding of the law-reports. Slowly he went along the lowest row, which stretched down one side of the room. This he found so absorbing that he got upon a chair and went in the same way along the row above. Occasionally he took a volume down, blew away the dust noisily, screwed up his forehead, and looked inside. He seemed to have become very short-sighted, for if the book had closed suddenly it would certainly have injured his nose quite seriously. When he had satisfied himself as to the law upon everything, he went and stood by the window, strumming with his fingers upon the glass. After a few minutes of this, he looked at her, and it was obvious that he felt, in a vague way, that he had seen her face before.

He bowed, stiffly. There was a long pause, each waiting for the other to begin. At last he broke the silence—

"I presume, Madam, that you are aware of the negotiations which have led up to this interview?"

"Sir," she murmured, "something about undertaking . . . original contract . . . I don't understand."

"I trust it has been made clear to you, Madam, that there is no other way of stopping this action?"

"You know I would never be allowed to pay five thousand pounds!"

"That, Madam, is not a thing for me to consider. We are, as you are aware, at arm's-length."

"Much further away than that," she said, plaintively.

He moved a step towards her, but checked himself.

"You will give the undertaking?" he asked.

"If I knew what it meant."

"It means," he said, in a stern, hard voice, "that I ask the same question as I asked on the 21st of January last; you give the same reply; we seal it in the same manner; and, by way of further security, we insert in the papers an announcement of the completion of the contract on the 15th of next month. I am advised that I have a right to demand nothing less."

She began to understand. "Do we require witnesses to the sealing?" she asked.

"I am told that it is not necessary, or even desirable."

"Well, you begin."

He coughed and drew himself up. "Evangeline Maud Rowen," he said, "are you prepared to marry me?"

"It wasn't a bit like that," she said, with determination. "I am advised that I can insist upon the exact terms."

"I forget them."

"They were, 'Eva, my darling, I am a miserable little worm; will you throw yourself away on me?'"

"Eva, my darling," he said, haughtily, "I am a miserable little worm; will you throw yourself away on me?"

"I am prepared," she replied, "to accept your offer, if you will behave yourself."

"That's not what you said," he retorted. "You said, 'Dearest, why on earth have you taken all this time in coming to the point?'"

"I never did!" she said, hotly.

"You did!"

"I did not!"

The negotiations seemed likely to be broken off.

"I—I don't remember saying anything," she went on. "We—we simply sealed it."

"Very well," he said, coming to something less than arm's-length: "let us seal it."

So they sealed it in the same manner as they had sealed the original contract; and, by agreement, he paid the costs.

THE END.

THE OLD FIDDLER.



*You are so old, O'Carroll, the ravens fly above you
 To tell you you're a ripened sheaf that waits the reaper Death;
 The branches of the yew-tree reach out as if they love you,
 And the wind that blows around you has winter in its breath,
 Though "August" is the only word that to the rose it saith.*

*You are so old, O'Carroll, the daisies in the meadow
 Think that you are the grandsire of him who, mowing there,
 Sang like a summer blackbird—so old, your stooping shadow
 Flits by across the stitchwort and leaves it unaware
 That any passing darkness was in the golden air.*

*You are so old, O'Carroll, your wife grows tired of waiting,
 She sickens of the heavenly harps, the sunshine's wearisome;
 For she remembers always the April time of mating,
 The hard days, the soft days, the luck that would not come,
 And for lack of your old fiddle her song of praise is dumb.—NORA CHESON.*

MRS. MIDWINTER. By FLORENCE POPHAM.

AUNT CHARLOTTE will never forgive Mrs. Midwinter, though she continues to look just as an object of charity should look—apple cheeked and scrupulously clean, arrayed in a Paisley shawl, a black drawn silk bonnet with a white cap border, and black skirts innocent of gores. She was, until quite lately, a constant worshipper at Aunt Charlotte's chapel, and she regularly and gratefully received from her a hundredweight of coal a week all through last winter.

Mrs. Midwinter's appearance, and her command of the English language, made a great impression on me when she called once, during Aunt Paramor's absence from home, to render thanks to me for her weekly hundredweight of coal; instead of to Aunt Charlotte in person. Her attitude struck me as being humble, but not too humble—a humility tempered by self-respect; while a certain frankness of utterance commanded my admiration.

"How long have you been a widow?" I inquired in the course of our conversation.

"Ah, ma'am!" she said, sighing and shaking her head, "a widow I never was, and I misdoubt me if a widow I ever shall be in this life; though I confess there are times when I could find it in my heart to wish that such was the case, for widows, as such, have many advantages which you, being a lady, would hardly credit." She sighed again.

"Do you mean that you have a husband still living?" I inquired.

"I have no wish to disguise the fact, not even if it were expedient to do so," she replied.

"Where is he, then?" I asked.

"In the Union, ma'am, where I hope and pray he may long remain."

"How is that?"

"If you will excuse my saying so, ma'am, it is the result of intemperance—of intemperance successfully practised."

A tear glistened in Mrs. Midwinter's eye, and the subject was evidently such a painful one to her that I hastened to change it by an inquiry concerning her chapel.

"Yes," she said, simply. "I go to the Wesleyans now, for I found the Church people did very little for me—very little, indeed—and your Aunt Paramor has really been a mother to me ever since I went to her chapel; and as a means of grace it is equal, if not superior, to the church, in my poor opinion, if you will excuse my saying so. And if you would be so kind as to mention to your Aunt Paramor, when next you see her, that the weather being so warm, a parcel of groceries would be more acceptable to me now than a hundred of coal—for groceries, I find, runs away with a mint of money. And if she had such a thing as an old black silk skirt, parts of it would come to make me a bonnet beautiful; and what didn't come in for a bonnet would come in to make me a reticule, such as I always carry with me, and very useful I find it for many a little behest." She displayed a large black reticule, somewhat aged and rusty, as she spoke, and I was moved to give her a new piece of silk to make herself another, knowing well that Aunt Charlotte, charitable as she is, can never bring herself to give away her cast-off clothing.

"The coal," I said doubtfully, "was just to help you through the winter. I don't know at all whether—" I stopped short, because Mrs. Midwinter looked so surprised and pained.

"I must humbly beg of you to put in a word for me when next you see your Aunt Paramor," she said, rising to make an old-fashioned bob-curtsey. She had just drained her cup of tea to the dregs.

"Waste not, want not" is a very favourite little maxim of mine," she remarked, as she slipped a piece of cake which remained on the plate into her reticule. "Yet, though I have practised the maxim without intermission for near upon three score years and ten, want, I must say, I have known, and trouble, 'as the sparks fly upwards'; for the Almighty, in His wisdom, has ordered it so that us poor women should want what our husbands waste. I must, I suppose, be thankful that my old man is safe out of the way of temptation in the House and my poor little home delivered from the ravages of intemperance."

"Do you never see him?" I asked.

"From time to time, on visiting days, I take him a bit of tobacco—the best Turk's Head at sixpence the quarter-pound."

I was moved to give her sixpence for a quarter of a pound of Turk's Head for the old man, and Mrs. Midwinter received it very graciously.

"It will be blessed to the recipient as well as to the receiver," she said, curtsying again as she slipped the coin into the palm of her clean cotton glove.

"Doesn't he come out for the day sometimes?" I asked.

"You see, ma'am, his years are beginning to tell upon him: nigh upon eighty years, and few of them well spent," Mrs. Midwinter replied evasively.

She departed, and a week or two later, when I broached the matter of the coal to Aunt Charlotte Paramor, I found that Mrs. Midwinter had been beforehand with me. She took tea in the servant's room regularly once a week when she called to thank for the coal, and she had taken an early opportunity of suggesting that groceries would be more acceptable to her during the summer months.

Aunt Charlotte was in a thoroughly charitable frame of mind. "I will take you with me to see Mrs. Midwinter," she said, in a tone which admitted of no refusal. "It will be a treat to you to see her in her own home. The poor old soul in her one spotless room may well prove a lesson to us all in her uncomplaining poverty. I have ordered the carriage. We will pay her a visit and relieve her mind about her groceries."

A pleasant odour assailed our nostrils as soon as the door was opened. Aunt Charlotte stood still and sniffed—once, twice, three times. Her ample form obscured my view, and I was obliged to raise myself on tiptoe to peep over her shoulder.

The room was spotlessly clean. I remarked the bed in the corner with its curtains of chintz, the shining brass candlesticks on the mantelpiece, and the white cloth on the table which was set for dinner. Mrs. Midwinter, in a clean white cap, a check turnover pinned across her breast, was seated at the head; her husband—out of the House for the day—sat at her right hand; and her notions of hospitality were evidently a survival from more prosperous days, for the dinner consisted of roast duck, beer, and sultana-cake.

I felt our intrusion on such a scene was unwarrantable, and I whispered to Aunt Charlotte to come away and leave the poor old couple to finish their dinner in peace. It was already too late, however. Mrs. Midwinter started at Aunt Paramor's ejaculation of "Well, Mrs. Midwinter!" and she rose from her place to curtsy and say—effecting the introduction, I thought, with some dignity—

"My husband, ma'am, if you will excuse my saying so, out of the House for the day. Albert, this is the lady I told you about who has been so kind to me in the matter of the hundred of coal."

The old man rose, and with trembling fingers touched his forehead, eyeing his well-filled plate longingly the while.

"I hope he is enjoying himself, I am sure!" said Aunt Charlotte. The sarcasm implied in her tone was quite evident to me, but was entirely thrown away upon Mr. Midwinter.

"Thankin' you kindly, ma'am," he said, as he seated himself again, "pretty middlin'; and I am sure we are much obliged to you for your visit to our 'umble 'ome."

"Albert," said Mrs. Midwinter, in a warning voice, "allow me to speak. May I have the pleasure of offering you a chair?" she said to Aunt Paramor. "And you, ma'am?" she added, as she caught sight of me, almost hidden behind Aunt Charlotte's portly frame.

"The tobacco, ma'am, you were so kind as to give me the money for was much blessed to my poor husband's consumption. Albert, thank the lady."

"Albert" murmured his thanks.

Aunt Charlotte declined the chair. "No, thank you; we will not disturb you," she said, in a tone of extreme severity. "I merely called in to say that I would allow you a shilling's-worth of groceries a-week instead of the coal during the summer months; but I see that you are well able to provide luxuries for yourself and have no need of assistance from me."

Her eyes, I knew, had noted every detail—the sultana-cake which took the place of bread on the table, the blue-and-white pint mugs of frothy beer, the large brown pot of tea stewing on the hob.

Mrs. Midwinter was so deeply pained by Aunt Paramor's attitude that for once her command of language forsook her. She quite forgot to explain away the duck and the sultana-cake, as she was able to do later. She only murmured something to the effect that Aunt Charlotte would feel different if she had a poor old husband out from the House for the day, and that even a husband in the Union was a responsibility—a responsibility the Almighty had laid upon her she dared not fling aside, and which groceries would help her to support.

"A nice thing!" said Aunt Charlotte, palpitating with indignation, as we took our places once more in the carriage. "Why, I refused ducks myself only yesterday because they are so outrageously dear at this time of the year. And I am expected to find coal to cook luxuries such as I cannot afford myself for an old man whom I am already contributing to support in more comfort than he deserves in the workhouse! I was never more deceived in anyone in my life than I have been in Mrs. Midwinter!"

I endeavoured to put Mrs. Midwinter's hospitality in a more favourable light, but Aunt Charlotte only withered me with allusions to my own extravagance and bad management.

I am not a bit surprised to hear from Mrs. Midwinter herself that she has since left the Wesleyans and taken refuge with the Baptists.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



TIDINGS reach me from two highly important quarters as to claimants having arisen with regard to the respective titles of two forthcoming plays. My informants are two of the most brilliant men in their different "lines of business," as actors used to say. In point of fact, their respective (and respected) names are E. S. Willard and Arthur Collins.

I take the case of my old friend Willard first, because his forthcoming production—namely, Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's mediæval

Orders because he had a large mole upon his left cheek, and not long before poor Shirley had his house burnt down in the Great Fire, and presently died of starvation in St. Giles's. Of course, plays "out of copyright," as it is called, do not count when one is claiming a title. But methinks I could, if I had received "previous notice of the question," find among my play-mems. more than one drama called "The Cardinal," even within the "copyright" period.

The communication which I have just received from Mr. Arthur Collins relates that someone has written to claim the title of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's forthcoming Drury Lane drama—namely, "The Flood-Tide." In this connection, I am unable to recall to mind any play bearing such a title. Nor have I been able to discover any mention of a play thus named in the brief time which Mr. Collins's epistle has allowed me before going to press.

In the present Collins-Raleigh case there have also arisen certain communicators who, in perfect honesty and well-wishing, point out (indeed, they have pointed it out to me) that sundry things in "The Flood-Tide" have been seen in other plays. The chief incident in this connection is the utilisation of Frith's "Railway Station" picture. Apart from the fact that (as I stated in these columns a little while ago) Frith's picture was, in some sense, used in that first of Old Drury's modern melodramas—"The Great City," in 1867—lo! Mr. J. James Hewson, a diligent and clever provincial and suburban melodramatist, asserts that, over a year ago, he included Frith's picture as one of the chief scenes in a drama of his called "A Past Redeemed." That fine "producer," Mr. Isaac Cohen, is to present this play at the Pavilion Theatre, Mile End, towards the end of September. Further to add to the "coincidence" in this connection, I may mention that the Pavilion has, for the excellence of its productions, long been known as "the Drury Lane of the East."

As in Mr. Willard's case, so Mr. Collins was, at the moment I started writing, still cheerily preparing his next huge Druriolanean production. He now informs me that he has just added that droll comedian, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, to the cast. The company also includes Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, as a "Society schemer"; Miss Margaret Halstan, as the schemer's daughter and confederate; Mr. C. W. Somerset, as a very artful person; that excellent, robust character-actor, J. H. Barnes, as a Sporting Boniface; and Miss Claire Romaine, in the character of a Saucy Stewardess, originally intended for Miss Marie Lloyd, who cannot be released from her variety engagements.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree would, perhaps, be surprised and, let us hope, gratified if he knew what a tremendous interest his coming to Chiswick has aroused in the neighbourhood. Walpole House, with its picturesque surroundings on Chiswick Mall and its traditions of fiction as well as of real life, has always been remarkable, for its history dates back to the days of Barbara Ferrars, one of the favourites of Charles II.; while it takes its name from Horace Walpole, who was one of its subsequent owners. But the lovers of Thackeray and "Vanity Fair" always connect it with Miss Pinkerton and her young ladies' seminary, and can never pass the place without the vision of a departing carriage and its unrepentant occupant, the gentle, forgiving Miss Pinkerton at the door of the school (Walpole House), and a Johnson's Dictionary flying through space as Becky Sharpe takes her farewell of Chiswick Mall.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S NEW HOME IN CHISWICK MALL.

drama, "The Cardinal"—comes next, being due at the St. James's next Monday, the 31st inst. It would seem that the title of "The Cardinal" has been claimed by someone who some time ago wrote a music-hall sketch of that name! Now, as I pointed out a few months back, "The Cardinal" was first used as a play-title as far back as just before the Great Fire of London, when that ill-fated dramatist, James Shirley, wrote and produced a tragedy thus named. This was some years after Archbishop Laud had rejected him as a candidate for Holy



MR. SAM ELTON, THE MAN WHO MADE THE SHAH LAUGH.
THIS ECCENTRIC COMEDIAN IS NOW PERFORMING AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.
Photograph by Ilana.



MISS HETTIE CHATTEHL.
AS KATE, A SETTLER'S WIFE, IN "THE REDSKINS,"
AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.
Photograph by the Elite Portrait Company.

KEY-NOTES

WHEN Tennyson wrote that divine phrase, "the earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds," he did not foresee the wrathful application which might be made of it by the journalist called back to what seems the far too early pipe of a London Autumn Season of Opera and Concert. Reference to this matter has already been made here; but the truth seems really to be this, that London is really now as eager about things musical as with certain writers it has recently been reckoned to be apathetic. We have heard and read many hard words about the musical possibilities of London; and yet, if the chapters of history were ransacked for the purpose of proving musical patronage on the part of one or another city, London, it is more than likely, might come forward in the first place, despite all the summary statements of those to whom London, from an artistic point of view, seems to be sufficiently explained by the number six hundred and sixty-six. (In such an allusion one trusts to the Biblical knowledge of the general reader.)

Dr. Edward Elgar, as a recently published letter shows, has no belief in London as a musical centre; the true metropolis of music, in his idea, is, above all places, Manchester. There you seem to find choral societies every member of which is tone-perfect; there the Demons' Chorus from "Gerontius" is merely a chapter of child's play; there, according to one of the town's chief critics, are to be found the best bands, the best solo singers, the best musical associations, the finest sense of musical appreciation in England. In a word, Manchester is Music, if this authority is to be believed. It is, of course, true that Manchester has done a very great deal for music; but a centre is recognised by the number of roads which lead to it, and it can scarcely be maintained that the way to London is more difficult than the way to any city in the world. The roads that once led to Rome lead now to London.

A reference to Rome recalls a little flutter, which is not yet over and which is not likely to be finished for some little time, in connection with the Sistine Choir. It has been said—the authority for the statement is an Italian paper in high clerical repute—that the new Pope is not at all averse from disbanding that famous body of singers and reconstituting a Papal Choir upon an entirely new basis; the Holy Father's views are, at all events, quoted as forming part of his ideal policy enounced in his episcopal days. There are many who would be glad to think that the report is true. The Sistine Choir has, of course, a long historical record, and its reputation has been a great one. But there are circumstances in its past history which do not lead one to indulge in enthusiasm when one recalls that history. A new choir, imbued with modern ideas, might do much towards achieving, even in the art of music, some of the ideals of modernity which, all too timorously, approached the artistic policy of Leo XIII.

The presence of Dom Perosi, as master of the Choir, should also help these forces to gather strongly towards the same direction. There is no doubt that Dom Perosi, not in the least owing to his own desire for advertisement, came into fame far too soon. The enthusiastic Italian audiences who once thought their time well filled when they charioted Rossini round the town on their shoulders, were like to have suffocated in their embraces the young Italian Abbé in Rome, outside the Church of the "Dodici Apostoli," after the production of his second Oratorio. Luckily, Perosi remained unspoiled; and though his music has a singularly spiritual note, he has been wise enough not to force its capacity. At Norwich, a year or two ago, we heard one of

his most ambitious works, and were persuaded that he had a most musicianly spirit, even if it was as yet untrained for high and unbroken flights. When the trouble of re-forming the Papal Choir, of uplifting it to the "highest height of its past history," as Hume has it, is over, the paths of experience through which Dom Perosi will have passed will doubtless lead his personal art to higher things.

The organisers of the Birmingham Festival, which begins on Tuesday, Oct. 13, have issued quite a lordly programme. Mention in this column has already been made of Elgar's "Apostles," which has been expressly composed for the Festival. . . . Thus does Elgar fall in line with Mendelssohn, whose "Elijah" was, of course, composed for a like occasion in the same town. . . . Among other most interesting works will be Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," a work known but slightly

in this country. Written under the influence of Byron's poetry—for Berlioz was largely rhetorical both in his music and in his literature—"Harold" is a work in which the great Frenchman deliberately sacrificed all his melodious instincts upon the altar of orchestral effect. That he went far beyond the milestone which marks Wagner's last composition is now generally allowed; and it is for that reason that he comes so very late into the kingdom that was, to his dying brain, all too misty an ideal.

The Birmingham programme can scarcely, in other respects, claim any particular surprise, although the works chosen are irreproachably engrossing. One would feel a natural grievance if "Elijah" were not set down as the opening work for interpretation. It is curious that one so often finds at Birmingham Mendelssohn's chief Oratorio associated with Mozart's G-Minor Symphony, which is to be given on the same day, in conjunction with works by Tchaikowsky, Cherubini, and Sir C. Villiers Stanford—a curious enough combination. One cannot help wondering if Cherubini has not been included owing to the well-known admiration of that composer which is entertained by the authorities of a certain religious House situate not very far from Five Ways. The combination, too, of Cherubini and Stanford is (may one say?) odd.

COMMON CHORD.



MISS VERA MARGOLIES, WHO IS ACCOMPANYING MADAME PATTI AS PIANIST ON HER AMERICAN TOUR.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

To-day (Wednesday), at the Trocadero, Miss Vesta Tilley, popular alike on the theatrical and the variety stages, will be given a farewell luncheon, prior to her embarking next Friday for America. Miss Tilley will produce on Sept. 23, at Chicago, a new play which has been expressly written for her by Mr. Clyde Fitch. This play is entitled "Algy; or, The Little Swell."

Mr. Lewis Waller has secured another new play, which he proposes to produce at the Imperial after Mr. John Davidson's new version of "Ruy Blas." This piece is the work of Mr. Lyall Swete, and is entitled "Elizabeth's Prisoner." Mr. Swete is, as most playgoing *Sketch* readers will remember, a capital character-actor, who was last seen in London as the fatuous valet Lutz, in "Old Heidelberg," at the St. James's. Mr. Swete is an "old Bensonian," and he will be the second of Mr. Benson's company who has taken to serious playwrighting. The other is Mr. Stephen Phillips.

A reprint of Dora Wordsworth's "Recollections of a Tour in Scotland in 1803" is suggested. The manuscript was edited by Principal Shairp and published by Mr. David Douglas in 1874. Professor Knight might take the work in hand and add to it certain documents in his possession, for the collection of Dora Wordsworth's writings with a full memoir is still a desideratum.



Doctors and the Motor Cars Bill—A New Feature in Hill-Climbing Contests—Hoods for Acetylene Lamps—A Motoring Honeymoon.

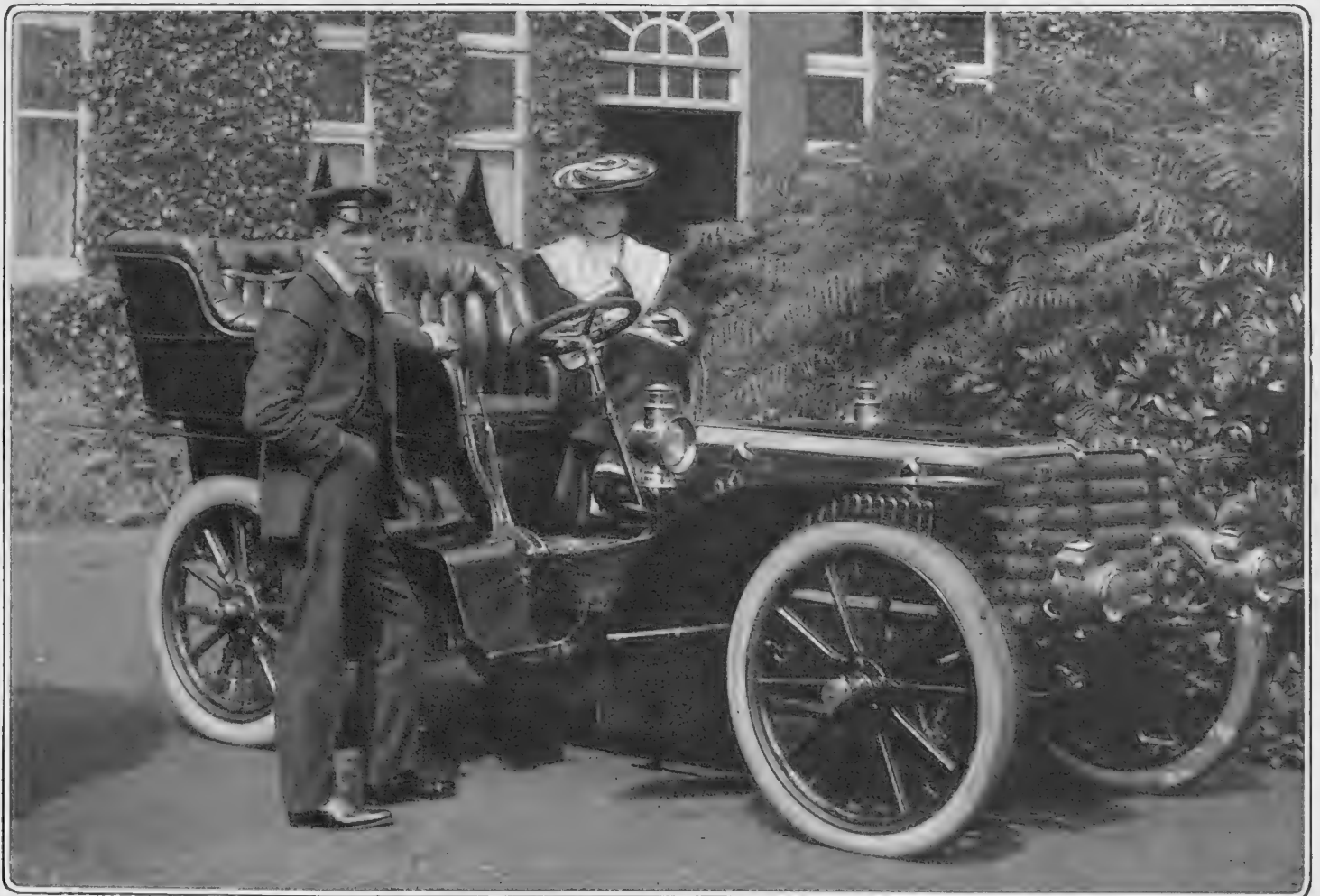
AS a nation we English are presumed to be gifted with more than the average amount of common-sense; but from time to time we nevertheless succeed in making and submitting to laws which would supply all the Gilberts the world is ever likely to see with side-splitting themes for topsy-turvydom. Consider for a moment the relation of the Motor Cars Bill to the employment of automobiles by medical men in the course of their profession. A doctor who has an extensive practice ranging over several suburbs responds, or desires to respond, to an urgent call from a distance. The reasonable use of his car would permit him to reach his patient in the shortest possible time; but while hurrying on an errand of life or death any officious policeman or some others may take his number and summons him for proceeding along suburban roads at more than ten miles an hour—a speed habitually exceeded in crowded thoroughfares by Juggernaut, unstoppable tramcars weighing fifteen tons, omnibuses weighing three tons, the proverbial butcher-boy in his cart, male and female cyclists, indeed nearly every form of traffic except an ass-cart, with which a medical friend of mine suggests he shall replace his newly bought light car, purchased to enable him to cover a straggling London practice. Of a surety we are not wise in our generation, and the French are laughing in their sleeves.

It is to be hoped that the somewhat novel feature introduced by the Midland Automobile Club in their late hill-climbing competition up Sunrising Hill, Edgehill, Warwickshire, may occur in the hill-climbs which will form part of the Automobile Club's reliability trials commencing on the 18th prox. The performances required of the competing cars in the Sunrising trial were both interesting and instructive. Hitherto, hill-climbs have remained hill-climbs pure and simple—that is to say, the cars have taken either a standing or a flying start from the foot of the hill, and been driven for all that could be got out of them to the summit. The Midland Automobile Club varied this somewhat tame procedure by forming controls on two of the steepest portions of the hills, where the gradients approached

1 in 6, and in the course of the upward climb required the cars to come to rest thereon for a space of thirty seconds, and then, getting away on the word "Go!" to continue the ascent. These evolutions not only tested the driving capabilities of the "Man at the Wheel," but, what is more important, the backward holding powers of the combined brakes and the facility with which the engines could pick up their cars on such steep slopes.

Speaking as a cyclist and an automobilist, who pedals as much as he petrols, I am bound to say that the terrible glare of acetylene lamps at night is most disconcerting to users of the highways other than car-drivers. To the latter these powerful light-givers are a great boon, but the blank blindness which obtains among other wayfarers after the passage of a car exhibiting them is not only an annoyance, but a source of real danger. Now, by fitting suitable metal hoods to the cones of acetylene lamps, it is quite possible to keep the effulgent white rays from rising to the level of the eyes of even a pedestrian, while the light is still directed a sufficiently long way forward on to the surface of the road. As these bright lights and the inconvenience they cause to the public are one of the causes of motorphobia, automobilists all should lose no time in getting their lamps fitted with hoods, which will abate the nuisance.

Lady Rosslyn and Mr. Charles Jarrott began their married life—as they were almost bound to do, considering the bridegroom's fame as a chauffeur—in a motor-car; but, unlike the last couple who spent their honeymoon in a horseless carriage, they have patriotically resolved to pass the golden month amid the leafy lanes and broad downs of Merrie England. Mrs. Charles Jarrott—for so, it seems, the bride, following the example of more than one titled wife, desires to be called—was one of the first women in Society who saw the possibilities and great social future of the motor-car, and she is as expert a chauffeuse as she is a whip, and that is saying a good deal.



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES JARROTT (LADY ROSSLYN) AND THEIR THIRTY HORSE-POWER DE DIETRICH.

Photograph by Argent Archer, Kensington.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

York and Doncaster—Starting—Tipping—Edison.

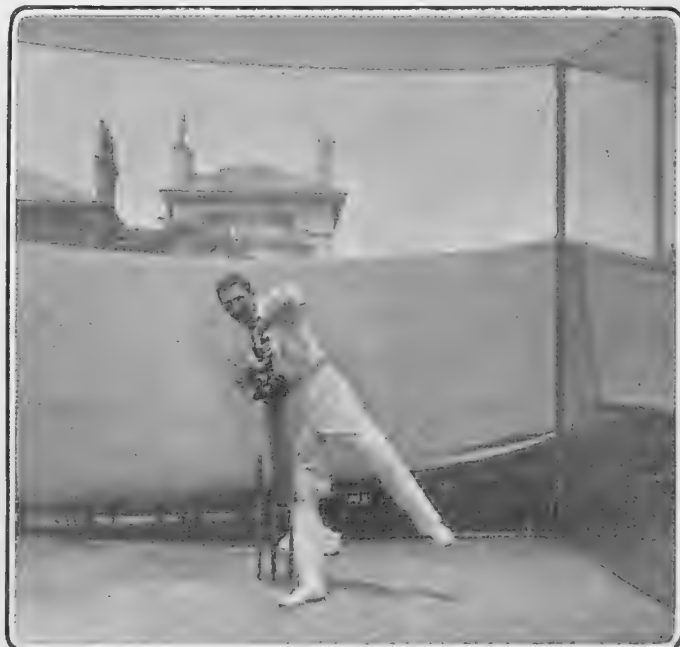
THE ancient meeting on the Knavesmere, which is run in the interests of sport by a few dwellers in the City of York, has not flourished of late years, but I hope matters will mend in the near future. This week's fixture should attract a big crowd, as many notable sportsmen are keeping holiday at the North Country watering-places. The chief betting event of the meeting is, of course, the Great Ebor Handicap—alas! no longer Great from the speculator's point of view. I am told that Blue Grass cannot be beaten; the horse has won all his races this year, and he is very fit. There will, of course, be a bumper crowd to witness the Doncaster St. Leger, set to be run on Sept. 9. As His Majesty the King will be there, we may take it that Mead has a big chance. Indeed, I shall stand this colt to win now that I know he has gone on the right way. It will be remembered that, in writing last winter of the Classics, I suggested that Mead, being a smart colt, might prove a Leger horse. From information received from Newmarket, I am inclined to think he will

has an electric cord of varying length, which he can take to the front or to the rear of the horses, and no jockey can possibly note his intentions if he so desires. Again, if our starters were empowered to leave obstreperous brutes and send the others off without them, much delay would be avoided and a larger number of horses would be better able to give something like their true running, which they cannot do after being upset at the start.

There are tipsters and tipsters. The men who sell the first two winners with a packet of butter-scotch for one penny strike oil at times. Anyway, they are able to go the circuit of the race-meetings, and may be said to be always with us. Of a higher grade are the men who sell their tips by their tongues, so to speak. They wax eloquent before the commencement of the first race, and tell of the wonderful feats of yesterday, to be outdone to-day. These men get a very good living, and would become rich in time if they did not gamble.



G. H. HIRST, THE YORKSHIRE BOWLER.



C. B. FRY PLAYING BACK TO A RISING BALL.

beat both Rock Sand and Vinicius for the St. Leger, and I sincerely hope to see the Royal colours borne to the front and to hear the Yorkshire "roar."

I have received the following letter from Mr. F. H. Cathcart, the General Manager of the Lewes Meeting and a member of the firm of Pratt and Co., the well-known racecourse officials—

DEAR CAPTAIN COE,—I have just read your "Notes" in *The Sketch*. Kempton Park has often had school-treats; Lewes also; the last one being in July. It is probable other courses would welcome the youngsters, if they do not already do so.—
Yours faithfully,
F. H. CATHCART.

It affords me the greatest possible pleasure to give publicity to the above, in the hope that promoters of school-treats may avail themselves of our beautiful racecourses in and around London when making arrangements for future outings. Kempton Park, Sandown Park, and Hurst Park are, as I have before mentioned, ideal places for the youngsters to disport themselves at.

The question of starting horses in England still causes much heart-burning amongst owners and others interested. I was glancing through the records of racing the other day, and was much surprised at the number of animals against whose names "left at the post" or "got badly away" was printed. I don't think more horses suffer at the gate than used to suffer under the flag, but with proper training, I hold, as I always have held, that fewer accidents should occur under the new system. One of the causes of the difficulty of the starter's task is that the jockeys can see his hand, and so can, like the keen cricketer, "anticipate the stroke," so to speak. This difficulty could easily be overcome by adopting a plan used by the French starter. Mr. Fige

The late Jack Dickenson, who was a respectable and thoroughly conscientious tipster, once told me that he made sufficient by selling his cards at the Doncaster Meeting to keep his household going all the remainder of the year. But even old Jack had a weakness for backing 'em, and once at Ascot when he had given the first four winners to his clients, he astonished his friends by telling them that he had been stupid enough to back four losers himself. Talking of tipping, it may be interesting to note here that the late Mr. C. Greenwood did his work so thoroughly that he often devoted a couple of hours to analysing the form for an overnight selling-race with, say, eight or ten entries!

It may not be generally known that sport is, to a certain extent, responsible for the quick way in which daily papers get their news. Long before general, Parliamentary, law, and other news was conveyed by tape, it was possible to read the races in London as they were being run at Epsom, Croydon, Sandown, and Kempton. Indeed, when nine false starts took place for the City and Suburban in Quicklime's year, I was able to print the fact with the result of the race, and that, too, before the numbers had gone up on the board on the opposite side of the course. The Boat-race is detailed to the minute, and cricket at Lord's and the Oval is given instantaneously. Out of all this comes a suggestion. I think, in time, the G.P.O. should give a wire at all meetings to a reporter-operator, who could do tapping instead of first writing out his "copy" (as is done at Lord's and the Oval), or perhaps an Edison may give us a device whereby the description of a race may be talked on to a gelatine and the whole thing then be "cast" ready for printing. There are plenty of possibilities in our midst, gentlemen.
CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IF the royalties of mode-making had been in the secret councils of that monster of iniquity the Weather Clerk, they could not have alighted on a more propitious departure than that of the *trottoir* skirt, as some periodicals with a fondness for the tongue of Gaul persist in calling it. Truly, the short frock of fashion is something to give praise for in this season of high grass, uncut corn, and flooded roadways. It is quite becoming, too, when well cut, to all but the very rotund, and discovers unexpectedly good effects when made in the new plaids and checks, some of which are so beguiling. Jerseys are revisiting glimpses of the harvest moon also, and when well adjusted are the ideal upper part for golfing, shooting, archery, and other autumn sports.

The tam-o'-shanter, too, is in its annual revival at the moment, and it is amazing what good results it will disclose with skilful fingering. But, after all, the complete alphabet of dress is contained in that phrase; and that skilful fingers are given to few, one sees hourly proved in the unsatisfactory altogether of the multitude. Not one woman in ten can wear her clothes at their best in this country, while in France not one in a hundred can do otherwise. "You are better—yes," assented a Paris mode-maker to a dissentient customer the other day, "but you English ladies have not yet mastered the pin; you believe too much in the hook and eye." Which oracular saying sums up volumes of sartorial wisdom.

It is indeed doubly and trebly and exasperatingly a pity that the weather should blast, blight, and bother our hopes as it has done this autumn, for the most distractingly pretty *demi-saison* ideas arrive

any appropriate atmosphere. The blouses are silk batiste, most delicately tucked *à la main*, inset with lace of the Bretonne make, and trimmed with linen fringes of the same colour as their several tones—biscuit, pale pink, soft green, and mauve. Four sashes *en suite* accompanied them, of the new short-tailed variety, and the ends are



[Copyright.]

TOILETTE DE PLAGE.

fringed to match the trimming on bodices. Nothing could be more *chic*; and when it is added that a hat of pink satin straw trimmed with wild convolvulus, and another of biscuit Leghorn adorned with red velvet rowan-berries, arrived with the blouses, one is almost dissolved in tears to think of the lost opportunities they represent.

Everyone who happens to meet a brother or sister sufferer with whom he has acquaintance during these days and weeks of dreary downpour, inevitably asks himself and the other, Why did we leave our happy home? And echo herself would be puzzled to answer why, except that London in August is London in August, and therefore impossible to the civilised inhabitant. As a matter of mere fact, one's ain fireside is infinitely preferable to the Japanese umbrella-decorated fireplace of a hotel bedroom, or the flower-decked grate of a make-believe summer which greets one at the otherwise hospitable hearthstone of one's friends. As a matter of fact, I have compounded with the marital powers that be, that, given another week of North Country downpour, and not all the grouse or golf in Scotland will keep me afar from mine own snuggerly.

It has been said that half the fun or fascination of leaving home lies in getting back to it, and without subscribing entirely to that well-worn generality, I will maintain that if July and August continue an atmosphere of "cats and dogs," the fitting place in which to receive such unseasonable demons is amongst one's own Lares and Penates, where one may find more interesting occupation than twiddling thumbs or shredding reputations or amusing semi-somnolent guns at other people's country-houses.

Talking of household gods, which are, by the way, quite a



[Copyright.]

A SEASONABLE COSTUME.

weekly from Paris which no one dare wear, and will probably languish out a fading existence in shop-windows instead of adorning the slender form of lovely woman as they ought to do. I have seen a set of four fairy blouses just sent over to a friend for "blazing August days"—the irony of it!—which she has little hope of wearing in

different sort of thing from goddesses, I have been lately lost in admiration of several cosy little households inaugurated by those magicians in mahogany and otherwise, Warings. I had always

supposed that they were the furnishers of the rich, and the rich only, but this illusion was promptly proved one by short visits to the aforesaid happy homes, where, judging from the taste and skill displayed, I should say that the same artistic care is bestowed on small as well as stately homes by the well-known firm in question. The carpets, wall-papers, chintzes, tapestries, and furniture which went to the making-up of these bijou country-houses were in excellent taste and reliable workmanship, and, as the young châtelines informed me in each case, knowing my interest in such matters, were comparatively inexpensive as well, from which it would appear that, when on

chairs and tables bent, Warings' is decidedly one of the places to be favourably contemplated.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MISS S. (Merrion Square).—I have heard from Miss R. that she is full of orders and cannot send on approval. I believe you would also get the sashes at Dickens and Jones's.

SYBIL.

Owing to a regrettable error on the part of the photographer, we published in a recent issue a portrait which was wrongly described as that of the Secretary of the Ladies' Army and Navy Club. We are now glad to make some amends by presenting

our readers with the photograph of Mrs. George Dundas, the originator and indefatigable Secretary of this very popular and highly successful Club.

It is still possible to pick up a bargain in an auction-room. A bookseller has bought for seven shillings the four numbers which appeared of the *Undergraduate Papers* in 1857 and 1858. They will always be valuable as containing the first writings of Mr. Swinburne, who did not contribute to the *Spectator* till three or four years after. If one is not mistaken, the *Undergraduate Papers* also contained articles by the late Professor Nichol, of Glasgow. The fortunate bookseller at once disposed of the four papers to another bookseller for thirty pounds, and very sensibly took a holiday on the strength of the bargain he had made.



MRS. GEORGE DUNDAS, SECRETARY OF THE LADIES' ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MISS BEATRICE WILSON AS MRS. BRAMLEY BURVILLE IN "MY LADY VIRTUE," ON TOUR.

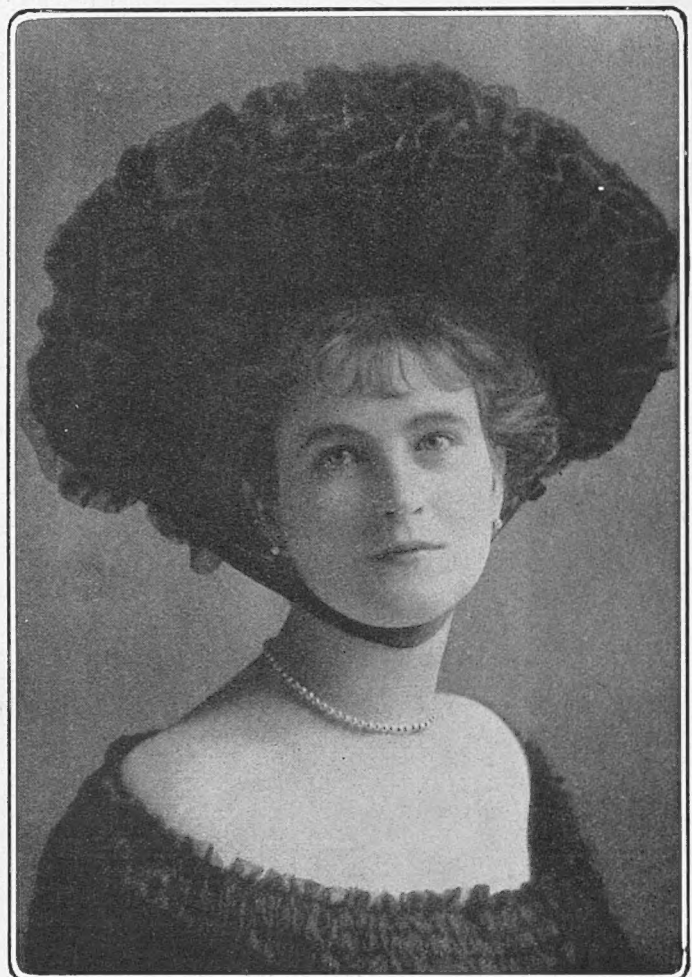
Photograph by Pestel, Eastbourne.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Weather—A Suggestion—The Yacht Race.

THE Clerk of the Weather must have been a little careless this year and have left the tap turned on, like naughty little boys do when on mischief bent. During the days of last week, when I stood most of the hours of daylight by a window in a country-house watching the rain pour down upon a sodden country, I took occasional comfort by reading a "cutting" from an American paper which told how the Australian rain-maker, who had undertaken to produce rain within three days, had packed up his apparatus in despair, and had himself, with his assistant, walked unostentatiously back into the town, thinking that his reception by the inhabitants might not be an over-friendly one. At Broken Hill the people are washing their faces in soda-water, while in England any country gentleman can go fishing in his cellars. What is wanted very much indeed is some scientific method of equalising the weather.

I never meddle in politics, and think that, of all intolerable bores, the man who insists on giving his opinions on matters politic is the greatest; but I understand that Mr. Chamberlain is anxious to establish a Zollverein to encourage the interchange of products



A PRETTY PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.

between the Colonies and the Mother Country, and the papers are going to teem during the coming months with dreary figures that the ordinary man cannot understand, and with facts which, stated emphatically by one side, will be as emphatically contradicted by another. What we all really want more than a cheap loaf is cheap sunshine; and, if some great scientist will invent a method by which we could send Australia some of our surplus rain, and take in exchange some of her superabundant sunshine, he will be the most popular man in Great Britain. What this country and her Colonies want is a Weather Zollverein, and, if Mr. Chamberlain can bring that about, he shall have my vote and my goodwill for any or all the Ministries he chooses to fill.

Drowned out of the country on Thursday, I took refuge in London, and found the great British public taking an immense interest in the yacht-race. I had not to go outside the hall of my Club to learn this. When, going into a Club, I find two page-boys and the assistant to the hall-porter standing watching the tape-machine, when they scatter at my approach and pretend to be busy arranging the theatrical posters or putting up notices on a board, but come back again to the machine when I have passed on, like flies to a lump of sugar, calling over to them the commissionaire from the door—then I know that "the Man in the Street" is really interested and that the halfpenny papers must be selling like wild-fire at the corners.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 9.

AN AIMLESS ACCOUNT.

EXCEPT in the Yankee Market, and to some small extent in the Grand Trunk section, the Mid-August Account has proved one of the dulllest experienced by the Stock Exchange in the current twelvemonth. There has been almost literally nothing doing in Mining shares; a little academic interest is aroused over the Associated Northern Blocks squabble—scandal would, perhaps, not be too strong a word; Smeltings are in a state of patient waiting, and Kaffirs continue simply quiescent. Even Etruscans have settled down to a quiet life. Home Rails passed through a dull fortnight, but the improvement in Consols is imparting a little more cheerfulness to markets in general, the death of the famous statesman producing but little effect. Perhaps the End of August Settlement may bring a welcome change from the slackness of business that has already prevailed for so long a period.

BRITISH AND CALEY.

Next week will be declared the Caledonian dividend, and nine days later will come the North British declaration. Both of them are anticipated with rather more than the usual interest, in consequence of the expectation which has been aroused of advanced distributions in both cases. It is quite expected that on Caledonian Deferred, as well as on North British, an improvement of at least $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. will be shown; but although the stocks are what the "House" calls full of dividend, there is only a slight disposition to put them up in advance of the dividend announcement. For this, the caution of the Scotch operators is, of course, largely responsible. The bulls in Glasgow and Edinburgh (more particularly the latter, who ran up British a few weeks ago until the price of the stock reached 50) have apparently grown frightened by their own temerity, and are permitting the price to slide away fraction by fraction every week. It may be that when the dividend is announced there will come a little awakening of interest, but in any case North British Ordinary stock looks quite cheap enough to lock up and put away as a speculative investment. The line is doing well, and is extending its connections in Scotland through the Highland Railway and others which tap some of the finest districts in that romantic country. With regard to Caledonian Deferred it is rather more difficult to judge, because of the heavy expenditure that is still required upon the Company's stations at Glasgow, and of the two stocks we certainly lean towards North British for preference. The dividend on this will be declared next Tuesday, Sept. 1; while the Caledonian distribution is due on Sept. 10.

THE RHODESIAN MARKET.

Last week we were directing the attention of our readers towards the prospects and remarkable development of the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River: our picture this week gives a very good idea of the river itself in its more placid moods. The progress of the gold-mining industry in Rhodesia remains in a state of restrained rather than suspended animation, for, in spite of the good returns that are secured month by month, there can be no doubt that the output would be considerably more than doubled were the mines able to obtain sufficient natives for their work. The prices of Rhodesians, however, are almost inseparably bound up with those of Kaffirs, since the same main drawback is hanging over both markets; and if it were removed in the case of the Kaffir Circus, it would certainly disappear very shortly from the Rhodesian section also. That Asiatic labour will come in due course is, in our opinion, a practical certainty both as regards the Transvaal and Rhodesia. Consequently, the only advice which can be offered to shareholders in good Rhodesian Companies is that which applies with equal force to proprietors of Kaffirs—to wit, that they should sit patiently on their holdings and wait with what fortitude they can for the day when the market will most certainly take a turn for the better.

RHODESIA CONSOLIDATED—SOME PROS AND CONS.

But the foregoing remarks apply principally to the "good" Companies. There are, unfortunately, too many of the highly speculative type. The reckless flotation of Rhodesian Companies in the last days of the nineteenth century is beginning to bear the fruit which might have been expected, and we are face to face with inevitable reconstructions and amalgamations, of which Rhodesia Consolidated is an example. The Company is formed to acquire the assets of five Rhodesian concerns, none of which ever stood in the front rank, and the best-known of which was Colenbrander's Matabeleland Development Company. Considering the enormous sums that have been paid to vendors and spent on development, it would, we admit, be unjustifiable to let the enterprises die without some further effort to save something out of the wreck. The new capital is £530,000, in shares of 10s. each, but only £398,000 of this is to be now issued, out of which £119,220 (less about £17,422 spent on commissions) will be available for working the properties and for development purposes. The issue now offered consists of 10s. shares, with 7s. credited as paid and a liability of 3s. each. The shareholders in the old concerns are offered these in payment for their properties, but, in as far as the proprietors may not accept the offer, tenders are invited from the public at an additional figure of 2s. or better over the liability. In other words, the estimated cash-value of the old shareholders' interest is put down at £79,481 for property which cost £523,000, and on which, it is said, £370,000 has been spent! People sometimes wonder where the savings of the nation go to, but the Prospectus of Rhodesia Consolidated explains a part of the mystery.

The Company, we may remark, has not been registered in this country, and, as a member of the public, we should not send in a tender, but old shareholders might accept an allotment, as the risk is comparatively trifling.

FINANCE ON THE FINDELEN GLACIER.

What more natural than that The Jobber, with his bosom enemy The Broker, and our familiar friend The Engineer should meet at Zermatt, of all villages on this earth perhaps the most cosmopolitan? What more natural than that they should want to "do a glacier," and that glacier the well-known Findelen? With no more words, then, let it be set down that the trio, with the ubiquitous American and German and two

ladies, should be standing on the dirty edge of the glacier, with the guides Aliass and another adjusting their snow-spectacles and coiling their long ropes yet more carefully round their arms.

The Jobber started fourth, after one of the guides and the two ladies. "Now we're off!" he joyfully cried, digging the heel of his thickly-nailed boots into the early, easy part of the glacier.

"Don't talk shop!" called The Broker from somewhere in the rear, as he essayed to assist one of his cumbersome comrades, and slipped in the attempt. "Puts me too much in mind of the Chartered Market."

The American, who was advancing somewhat gingerly at the rate of half-a-mile an hour, tried to divert attention from himself by saying that Chartered were all right for a future generation.

"Yah, yah!" returned The Jobber, playfully falling against The German Gentleman. "But it strikes me that the Kaffir Market's about as slippery as this glassy glacier."

"Look vere die ladies haf arrivt," The German puffed. "Zey are coing aheth like te Ganatian Pazifisque in vat you gall a 'boom.'"

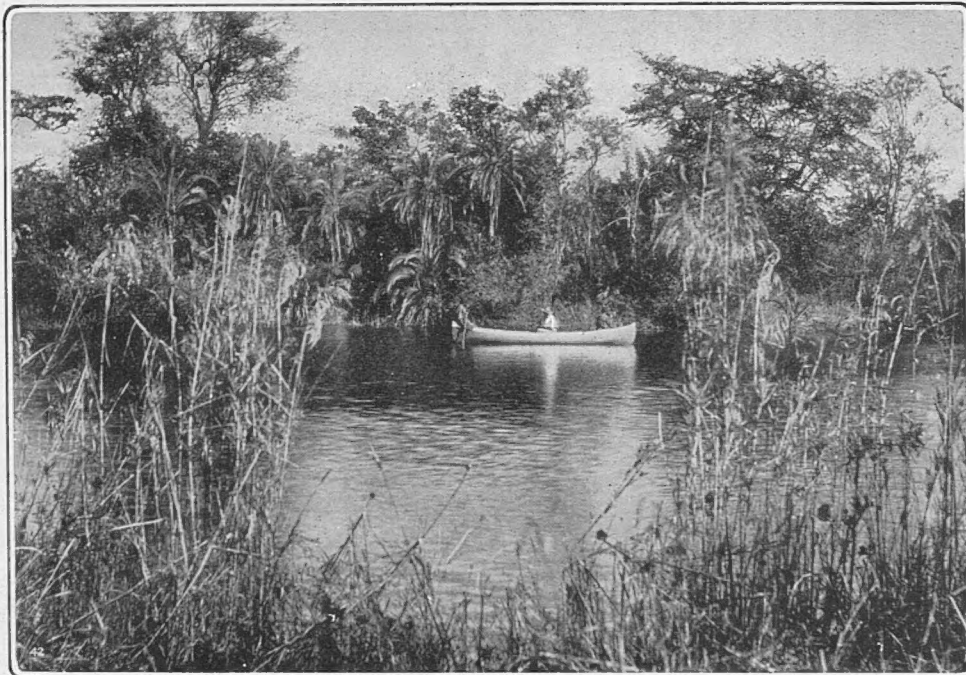
"Hi, Kate! Come back to your only love!" cried The Jobber, hobbling along as hurriedly as he could; but his wife, hanging on to the hand of the guide, only laughed, and threw back some words which were indistinguishable.

The sun's rays beat down with radiant intensity: the glacier's scarred surface reflected the heat and at the same time threw off its own icy air. The sensation of the travellers came near high exhilaration: it was like drinking deep draughts of the finest champagne.

"I like this atmosphere better than that of the 'Tube,'" observed The Engineer. "Oh, be hanged! There goes my alpenstock!"

The Jobber held it as its sharp point stuck against a little crevasse.

"Tis rather less full-flavoured than the District, too," The American answered. He had been in London over some business connected with underground travelling.



TRANSPORT ON THE ZAMBESI RIVER.

Photograph by F. W. Sykes.

"Pity they can't run a railway over this," began The Engineer, when he was almost snapped up by a chorus of indignation.

"You Goth! You infidel! You iconoclast!" stormed The Broker, vehemently.

"Steady, old man! Don't break the ice," The Engineer imperturbably retorted. "I heard an ominous crack just then."

"I wonder that all you fellows don't buy District shares right now," put in The American. "It's cheap enough."

"So's Central London," The Broker replied. "Bound to recover its fall. People will forget the Paris affair in a month. Gee—orge! Don't your feet get cold when you stand still, by gum!" and off he started again.

"Hurry up, Will, you lazy boy!" cried his wife from the higher part of the glacier. "Aliass wants to rope us for the Serax."

A gentle wind swept down from the Strahlhorn, and the party shivered, although in the full glare of the sun. The roping was done quickly, securely, and for half-an-hour the long tail turned in and out of the gorgeously beautiful teeth of the glacier. The guides seemed to know to a nicety how far the ladies could jump, and in England their strides would have excited astonishment.

"That was magnificent!" cried the lady who had last spoken, as they sat on the spur over the moraine and prepared to open their long luncheon-tins.

"Makes you feel almost young again, eh, sir?" and The Jobber slapped The German on the back with boyish exuberance.

"I feel as though I were a bull of stocks in a rising market," laughed The American, focussing his glasses for the snowy pinnacle of the glittering Matterhorn.

"Yankees for choice, I suppose?" said The Broker, chasing his little blue paper of salt as it curvetted down the slippery sides of their perch.

"H'mh'm!" was the answer. "Not that I should advise you to go a bull there to any extent."

"Got any fancy?" demanded The Broker.

"Norfolk Common and Prefs. Can't go far out of your course with them: sure to come sunny side up sooner or later."

"How you men do love to talk business!" observed The Broker's Wife. "Don't they, Kate?"

"Bless their little hearts, what else have they to occupy their minds? Now, a woman can *always* find something new to say about complexions or dresses or—"

"Cor—," began The Jobber.

"Correct deportment, as Tom was going to say," pursued the little lady, placidly, giving her husband a violent, unobserved kick in the back. "Tom, dear, won't you have a little piece of cake?"

The German was anxiously asking The Broker about what he persisted in calling "Ganatian Pazifique."

"Canadas are all right," said The Broker, confidently. "I bought my wife some just before we left London, and I shall sell them when they get to 150. Not before."

"Den you sink zey veal rice to dat brice?" and The German again sneezed vigorously. "I haf daken gold on dat peastly classier," he said reproachfully.

"Some people pick up gold anywhere," interpolated The Jobber. "Now, I—"

He was cut short by a cry of delight from The Broker, who held up a tiny, dry-looking flower. "Eureka!" he shouted, till the mountains echoed; "Eureka! I have found some edelweiss!"

Aliass and the other guide walked up and began to smile, although they tried not to show it. The Jobber noticed their faces and looked again at the treasure. Then he roared with laughter.

"Oh, c—c—carry me straight out!" he cried; "he's got a f—f—faded daisy!"

"Tom, don't make such an exhibition of yourself," said his wife, trying hard to keep a straight face. "I think we'd better go further along and see if we can't get the real article. There's heaps of it in this neighbourhood."

And, picking up their green-and-red sandwich-tins, the ladies motioned the guides to proceed. But it was not until they got to the place where the pretty, flannel-like flowers actually grew that The Jobber desisted from holding what he declared to be his aching sides.

Saturday, Aug. 22, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

GRATEFUL.—Your papers have been returned. You should certainly write to the Official Liquidator, tell him you have paid the calls and hold the receipts, and ask the reason for this apparently mistaken demand.

T. H. M.—We have answered your letter by post and our reply apparently crossed your second letter. We had to make careful inquiry in the Stock Exchange.

WEST.—No. 1 has a far-fetched chance, No. 2 is worthless, and you should have nothing to do with No. 3.

BANK.—We should select National Provincials, Standard Bank, and Bank of Africa shares as the most advisable purchases in your list.

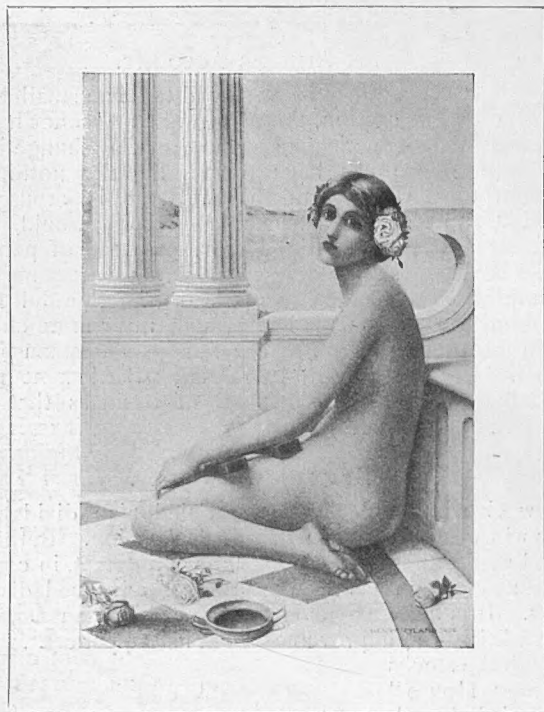
I. J. M.—The two Bovril shares and the Van den Bergh Preference chiefly appeal to us out of your selection. Why not vary it with Peek, Frean Preference or Lady's Pictorial Preference?

F. H. K.—We should say that the first three will suit you admirably. You recognise, of course, that they are all speculative investments.

ALPHA.—By all means keep them for the present.

B. S.—Thank you very much for your courteous letter.

FINE-ART PLATES.



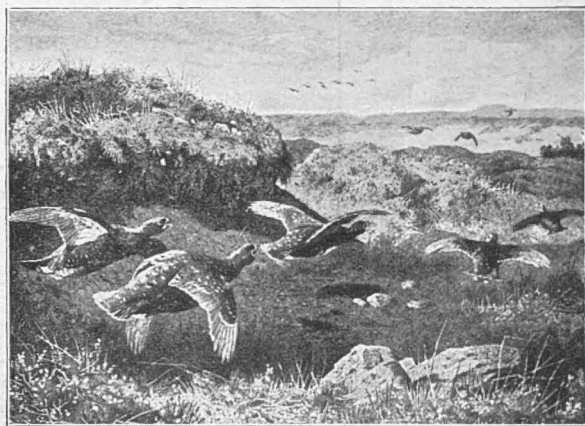
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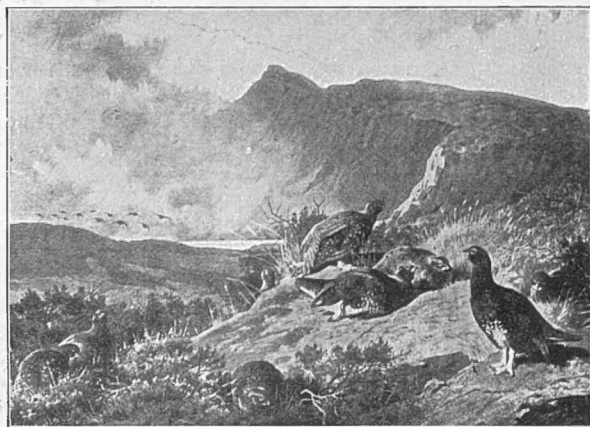
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